YACHTING

Volume LIV AUGUST + 1933 Number II

Photos by M. Rosenfeld

"High Tide" showed the way to Gibson Island, leading a fleet of forty-two yachts. She is owned by Eugene E. du Pont, and was sailed by John S. Lawrence

Full-and-By to Gibson Island

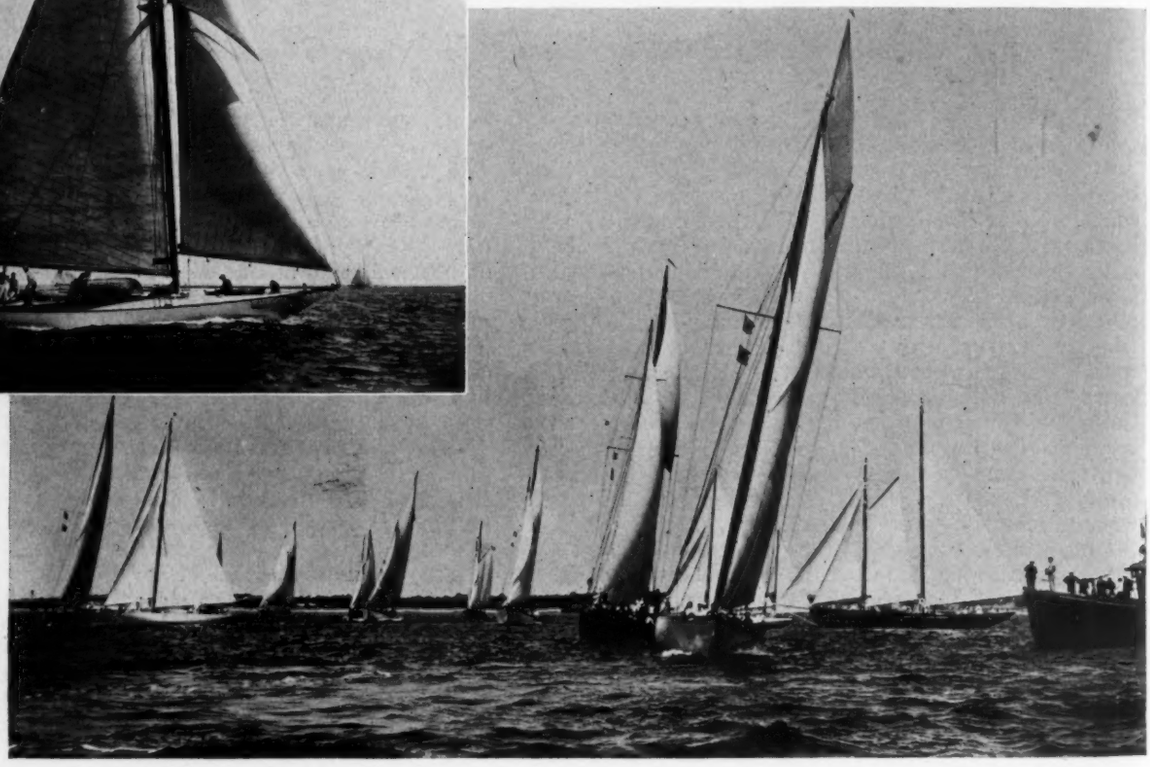
Light Winds and Calms Make for Slow Passage to the Chesapeake

THE story of this year's ocean race to Gibson Island, the first since 1929, was one of light head winds, fog and nerve-wracking calms that tried the patience of the three hundred or more Corinthian sailors aboard the 42 yachts that sailed and drifted over the long 475-mile course. "Full-and-by" was the helm order from the time the starting line was crossed until Chesapeake Lightship, off the Virginia Capes, was rounded, from three to four days later (depending on whether you were up with the leaders or back in the ruck), and helmsmen would give up the wheel after every trick with a "crick" in the neck from watching the luff of the sails or the fly aloft. And even after the lightship was rounded, many of the fleet encountered light airs from the northerly quadrant in the Chesapeake and drifted around, or anchored when the tide was foul, for the better part of a day.

Under such conditions the closer-winded and the lighter yachts stepped out in the lead, and it was Eugene du Pont's *High Tide*, staysail schooner and scratch boat of the fleet, which first turned the corner at the lightship and led the way up Chesapeake Bay, to cross the finish line off Baltimore Light shortly before daylight of the fourth day out from New London. Her crew, headed by John S. Lawrence, had coaxed and worried her over the long course, and through the soft spots, until she had dropped her competitors below the horizon. But *High Tide* had to give plenty of time, and it was not until D. S. Berger's *Mandoo*, sailed by John G. Alden, had finished over four and one-half hours later, with the New York "Forties," *Vixen III* and *Rugosa II*, hard on her heels, and no one within sight behind them, that it was certain that *High Tide* was the winner, not only in her class, but of the fleet trophy as well.

In between *Vixen* and *Rugosa* slipped R. H. Moore's cutter *Lilu*, with a long lead on her nearest competitor, to a sure win in the racing division, Class D. It was not until 24 hours later that the first of the Class B yachts, *Alsumar*, owned and sailed by Philip Le Boutillier, drifted across the finish line on a dying southerly, with none of her class in sight behind. And then her crew had an anxious two hours' wait as the minutes of her time allowance slipped away and a freshening morning breeze brought up the Fisher's Island sloops *Wild Goose* and *Kestrel*. It was a close thing, as it turned out, but *Alsumar* was not to be denied and saved her time by the narrow margin of four minutes on *Wild Goose*, which, by the vagaries of the handicap, beat her sister ship by an hour and 36 minutes, although *Kestrel* actually finished ahead of her.

Top to bottom. "Alsumar," owned and sailed by Philip Le-Boutillier, won in Class B. "Vixen III," a New York "Forty," finished second and won for Princeton in the Intercollegiate Class. Start of Class A, showing three port tack starts



And there, in a nutshell, you have the results. Let's go back now and see how the race was sailed along the way, as nearly as we can when probably over 150 miles separated the leaders and the laggards during the later stages of the event.

It speaks well for the popularity of ocean racing that 42 yachts were at New London, June 24th, ready to tackle the long course which comprised some 350 miles of ocean sailing and 125 miles in Chesapeake Bay. Of these, 14 were in Class A, cruising yachts from 53 to 72 feet over all length; 24 were in Class B, cruisers 35 to 53 feet, and four were in the racing class, D. Three of the latter were ten-metre yachts, and one was a new Herreshoff forty-square-metre boat, a lean, low, needle-like craft with straight sheer that looked more suitable for an afternoon race off Marblehead than for a long ocean thrash. All in all, it was a fine fleet, and much larger than might have been expected in this year of economic stringency.

After 24 hours of a fine nor'wester the wind settled at south by the time the warning gun was fired, making it a beat and a close reach out to Montauk Point from the starting line off Sarah's Ledge. Class B was first away, the 24 starters being well bunched until they got straightened out. In the light going the Fisher's Island sloops, the *Alsumar*, *Jubilee*, a new cutter owned by Gilbert Dunham, and some of the other single-stickers, stepped out in fine shape. Ten minutes later the larger cruising class started. The line was long and most of the fleet came at it on the starboard tack and coasted down the line waiting for gun fire. *Rugosa II* and *Falcon II* tried the port tack, a hard thing to get away with in a fleet of that size. Both messed it, badly. *Rugosa* was too soon and was recalled, bothering several other starters as she came back. *Falcon* forced *Mandoo* to luff and came within an ace of being sunk by *Mistress*, which had to put her helm hard up and bear away sharply to miss her. Port tack starts are always risky, and at the

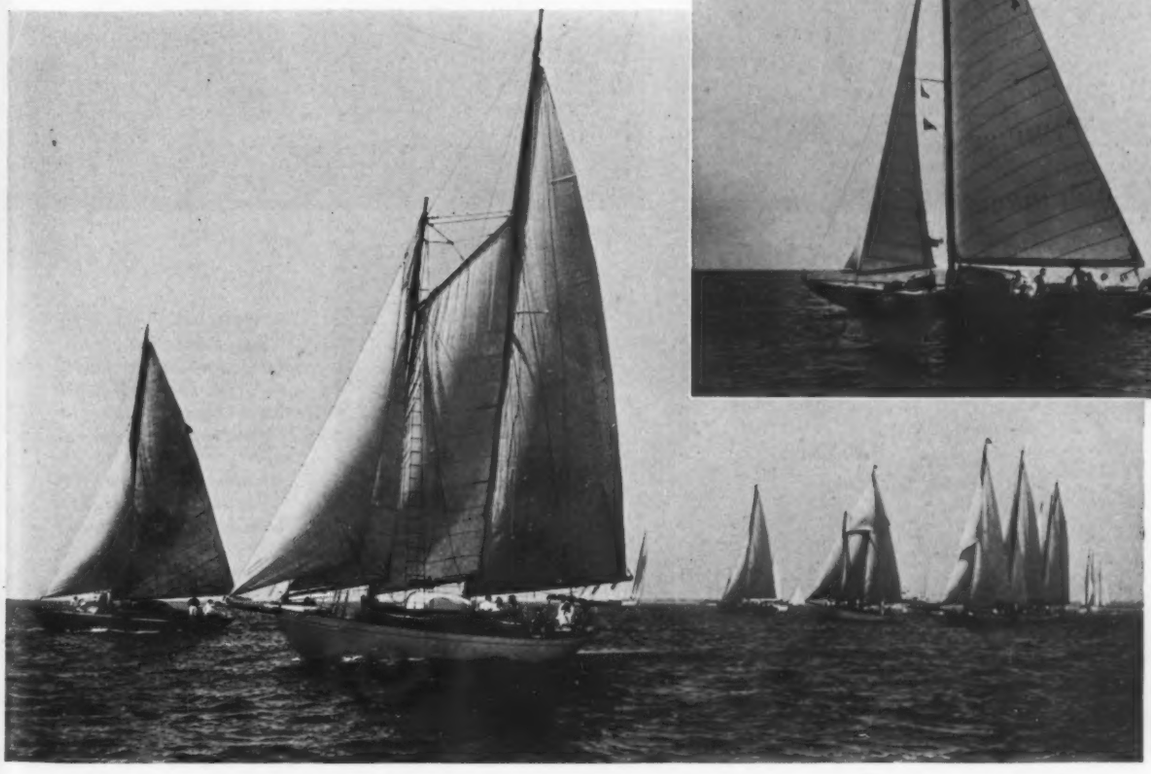
beginning of an ocean race, where seconds count for nothing, it seems inexcusable for skippers to take the chance of fouling other boats — perhaps causing damage that might force withdrawals — in order to reap the advantage of a better berth for themselves. No one likes to protest, though perhaps the reluctance to do so has encouraged the taking of such chances which, if they fail, are very likely to cause trouble. The practice is one which should be stamped out.

Ten minutes after Class A had started the four Class D yachts were sent away. The breeze was light, but freshening. One or two tacks were necessary to clear Race Point, and then the fleet cou!d just about lay Montauk, close-hauled, although a number of yachts fetched up well to the eastward. Aided by a fair tide, the boats were soon stepping out, many of those in Classes A and D overhauling and passing the smaller Class B yachts. The three "Forties," *Vixen III*, with a knockabout Marconi rig, *Shawara*, and *Rugosa*, reveled in the windward work and the smooth water. *High Tide* stayed right with them, closely followed by *Teragram*, *Mistress* and *Skylark*. *Jubilee*, the Fisher's Island boats, and the *Savannah* were doing well in Class B.

Vixen III and *High Tide* were probably the first to tack to the westward after clearing Montauk, where the yachts mentioned above were well bunched and were joined by *Mandoo*, coming in from the eastward.

Once outside, the course could not be laid, and in a fading breeze the fleet worked westward along the Long Island beach, carrying Genoa jibs, their skippers wiping them off to let them foot. *Vixen III* and *High Tide* soon were definitely out in front and increasing their lead slowly. Those that got too far under the beach were forced to tack offshore, where the breeze seemed a trifle stronger. But then the breeze always seems stronger elsewhere when one gets into a soft spot. However, *Rugosa* and *Shawara* both tacked and lost several miles thereby. Up to dark *Vixen* and *High Tide*

Top to bottom. The new cutter "Jubilee," owned by Gilbert Dunham, did well for her first race. "Lilu," winner in the racing division. She was sailed by Robert H. Moore. Start of Class B cruisers from Sarah's Ledge



held the port tack along the beach, gradually heading up as the wind hardened a trifle at nightfall.

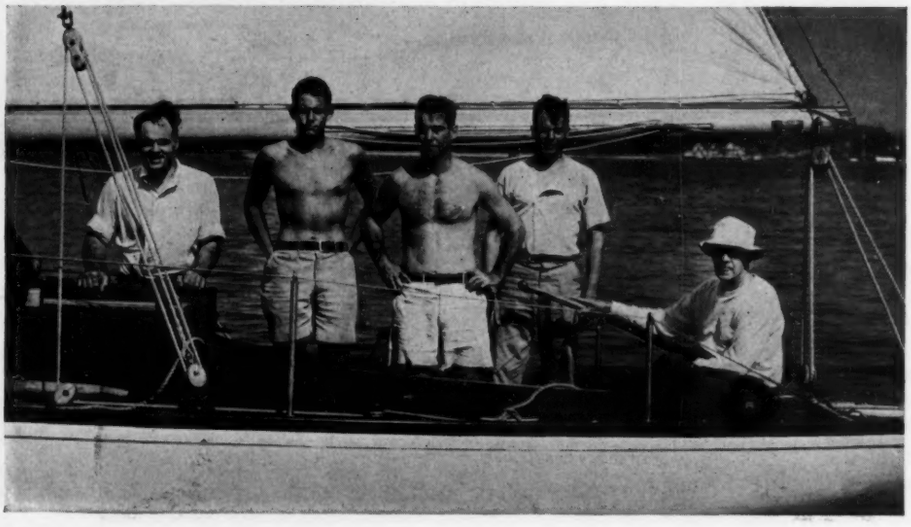
That first night's sail along the beach was a beautiful one. It was really the best sailing of the whole race, and if the wind had only let the boats lay the course, nothing more would have been asked. However, it suited the "Forties" and the *High Tide*. The heavier cruising boats would have liked more wind and a foot or two of started sheets.

Sunday morning found the leaders somewhere off Barnegat in a light breeze from S. by E. It was overcast, but the sea was smooth save for a southeast swell that increased as the day advanced. Most yachts had competitors in sight, but they were hard to identify. By mid-afternoon the fog rolled in as the wind backed a point to S. S. E. It was thick all night — very thick. What with fog horns going on the racers and an occasional steamer's siren, or the "one long and two short" of a tow boat's whistle, there was enough to keep the watch on deck alert as the fleet slipped along at five or six knots — or perhaps a bit more for the leaders.

That next forenoon Fenwick Lightvessel, off the Delaware coast, was sighted by the leaders. By this time the fleet was so strung out that the laggards must have been back off Barnegat, and widely different conditions might have been their lot. It is hard to describe a race in which a hundred miles may be separating the contestants.

However, all plugged on down the Jersey, the Delaware and the Virginia coasts, strapped in hard. The tide setting into Delaware Bay caught the Class A boats on the weather bow and set them inshore. By the time Assateague was reached, many boats were in among the fish traps, which here extend out some five miles, instead of being twenty miles offshore as they should have been. No one could yet lay the course and the sea was lumpy and shook the wind out of sails occasionally. All hands were getting heartily tired of full-and-by — except, perhaps, those on the *High Tide*. The conditions suited that lean, close-winded, and somewhat tender craft. One could tell the *High Tide* — if lucky enough to be in sight — by her great angle of heel, as compared with that of the other boats. Still, she was going down that beach like a scared cat.

At nightfall, Monday, it looked squally to windward. A falling glass also indicated a shift of wind. It came about 9:30 P.M., off Hog Island, with a sharp squall from the sou'west. All took in kites, and some lowered



"Betsy" (top, left), a new 40-Square-Metre owned by J. A. Harris 3rd. She looked hardly the thing for a long ocean race

Another new boat was "Savannah" (right), owned by F. C. Rogers

Crew of "Alsumar," Class B winner, with Philip LeBoutillier at the helm

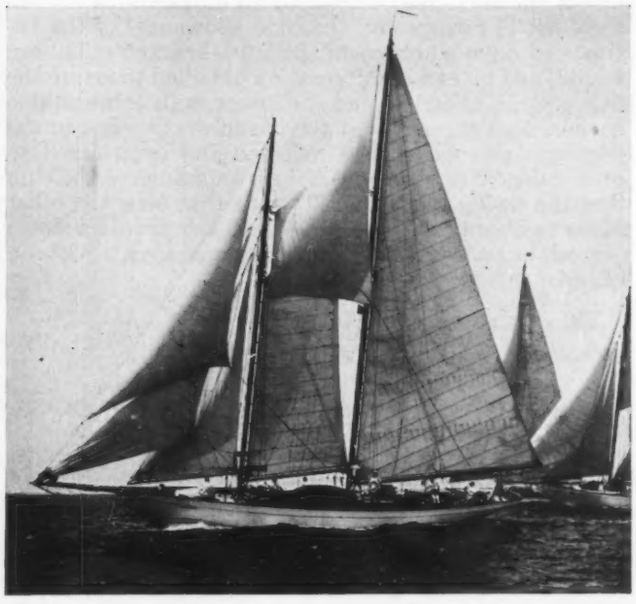
mainsails for a few minutes. There was nothing wicked in it, but it killed the wind for the night and the fleet crept along and "hobbyhorsed" in a steep, hard bobble of sea which ruined headway. Altogether an unprofitable night. Those skippers who tacked to the westward after the squall and braved the fish traps and the shoal water profited thereby. Those who stood to the south and headed on the tack nearest the base course lost out. They were carried too far offshore.

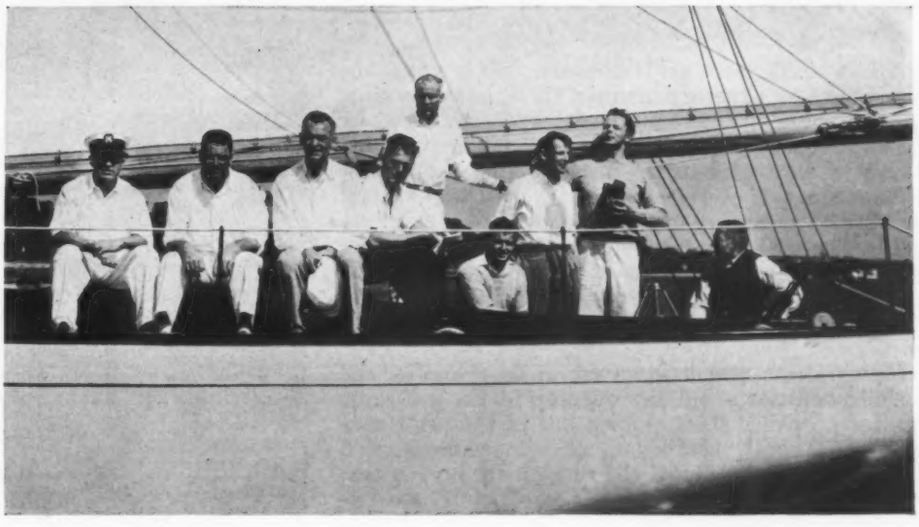
High Tide was first around the lightship about midnight Monday. The exact hour has not been reported, but her crew must have been glad to turn the corner in the lead. In a light breeze from S.S.W. she made fine time up the bay. Close behind her at Chesapeake Lightship (we have no official time) came *Vixen, Mandoo, Rugosa, Lilu. Teragram, Skylark, Shawara* were not far behind, but far enough to give Johnny Lawrence and his crew on *High Tide* a big advantage in the run up the bay. For the Gibson Island schooner carried the southerly right up to the finish Wednesday morning, whereas, after eight that morning, a flat calm descended on the Bay of the Chesapeake. Crews fretted and fumed and trimmed sails to catch vagrant zephyrs for full twelve hours — and swore — while at least five boats were snugly at anchor in the harbor at Gibson Island. It is such stuff that tries the sailor's soul. Yet it is usually met with somewhere in every long distance race.

Those few hours the leaders had at the "corner," were worth a dozen, or even 24, at the finish. And consider, please, the little fellows still outside at sea — with the calm, and the lightship still to round — and you get an incomplete picture of this year's race to Gibson Island, if you have any imagination.

So, after the first five to finish, there was a long wait of 14 hours before *Teragram* crossed, and then a three-hour wait until *Shawara* and *Skylark*, with whom she'd been in company down the bay, drifted across on a light, night southerly. And so it went. The fine schooner *Shellback* came in with Commodore Crabbe bemoaning three days lost in the Chesapeake. He was not alone with his troubles. Those that did not get in with the first flight were hopelessly sunk in this year's race to Gibson Island.

The official tabulation will show both the elapsed and the corrected times of the various classes. The former are eloquent of the conditions encountered, which, however, must not be blamed on the course.





"Mandoo," D. Spencer Berger's schooner, sailed by John Alden, took third honors in Class A

"Carlsark," veteran ocean voyager, found the conditions too light for her

Crew of "High Tide," winner in Class A and of the Gibson Island and J. Rulon Miller trophies. J. S. Lawrence at the wheel

The leaders of the Class B fleet made a good racing start, crossing the line only seconds behind the gun. However, this was to be expected, as the majority of the leaders were racing boats, including *Wild Goose*, *Kestrel*, and *Canuck*, all Fisher's Island one-designs, *Alsumar*, a consistent winner in the Sound Handicap Class, and *Balkis*. But sharing first honors at the line were a few cruising boats — *Carlsark*, *Cyclone*, Jay Wells' green, *Dorade*-like cutter, and Gilbert Dunham's new Mower-designed cutter *Jubilee*, as sweet a little cruising boat as has been seen at the start of any ocean race.

With a windward start the majority of the "B" fleet went across on the starboard tack, but not before the Stephens-designed and sailed *Balkis* slipped across their bows to make a well executed port tack start. She scuttled out to windward and took the lead for a while, although *Alsumar* and *Cyclone*, also on the port tack, ate out to windward rapidly before taking the starboard tack toward Fisher's Island where the others were headed.

It was a beat as far as Race Rock, which was passed on both sides, and from there to Montauk Point it was a close fetch, with the southerly freshening to a rail breeze and presaging a long and dusty beat to the Chesapeake entrance. But off Montauk Point the southerly lightened, and from that point to the finish the weather was made to order for the light racing boats.

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The first intercollegiate ocean race in yachting history, was incorporated with the Gibson Island Race. The conditions required that masters, navigators, and at least half of the crew be undergraduates. *Vixen III* and her Princeton crew took the special prize offered; but the event was about as one-sided and uninteresting as an early season football game, for the second boat to finish in the group, *Volante*, sailed by a Harvard crew, was more than a day behind the winner. *Black Friar*, flying the M. I. T. colors, was third, and *Highland Belle*, representing the same institution, came in about a week after the winner, but she came in under sail, and that is more than can be said of some of the other entries which finished under power and who could have finished days before the *Highland Belle* if they had exercised one half of the patience and good sportmanship displayed by the boys in the ex-potato boat.

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The loss of *Shawara* on the return trip is yet to be explained in a satisfactory manner. On Sunday evening, at the beginning of the northeast blow, she was seen by those aboard *Teragram*, off Barnegat, headed inshore on the starboard tack under jib and minus her mainsail. Next morning she was picked up by a tanker near Cape May — according to the newspapers — and abandoned by her crew of seven people, one a woman. After rescuing her crew, the tanker took her in tow, pulled out her windlass, and down she went. That's about all we know. Perhaps more details will trickle through later.

Teragram came near having serious trouble after she first shortened down Sunday evening in the self-same blow. Her propeller shaft slipped out of the after coupling, and the shaft, installed on the center line, worked out until the wheel jammed the rudder. In a rising sea, and with the boat quite unmanageable, in some unfathomable way *Teragram's* crew proceeded to "lasso" the errant shaft, work it out and past the rudder, haul shaft and wheel on deck, and plug the inside stuffing box with a balsa wood plug. After which all they did was work offshore on the port tack, get down to a reefed foresail, and ride it out with perfect safety. Would a similar brand of seamanship have saved *Shawara?*

Mandoo and *Skylark* got into Gravesend Bay just before the storm broke. *Jubilee* was coming up the coast from Cape May, picked up a disabled motor boat near Ocean City, and managed to get into Atlantic City with her tow, where she found *Countess* safely moored to a dock. The little *Balkis* was hove to for quite a spell, and finally worked into Cape May harbor. *Alsumar* and *Wild Goose* also took a dusting, but made port without any damage. *Sequoia* had just left Gibson Island when a squall ripped her jib and mizzen to pieces. Quite a different brand of weather from that met with during the race itself.

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More than passing mention is due the Gibson Island Club and the Race Committee which handled the event with unusual efficiency and dispatch. The day before the start they furnished all entries with a complete list of ratings and the time allowances of the entire fleet, detailed charts of the finish line and of Gibson Island, and no end of information designed to insure the fleet a pleasant arrival and anchorage in their hospitable harbor. And on arrival at the island every sailor in the fleet was given a special welcome and entertained to such a degree in the congenial surroundings of the club that the trying calms and ill winds that blew the other fellow in ahead were soon forgotten. Any port in a storm is good, but after a calm, which is worse, give us Gibson Island.

The summaries are as follows:

CLASS A

Yacht	*Owner*	*Elapsed*	*Corrected*	*Place in Fleet*
High Tide	E. E. du Pont	87–10–40	87–10–40	1
Vixen III	John Archbold	91–50–58	87–44–37	2
Mandoo	D. S. Berger	91–46–46	88–34–57	3
Rugosa II	R. Grinnell	92–18–18	89–36–48	4
Teragram	G. W. Mixter	106–11–10	101–41–57	5
Shawara	J. A. Tillinghast	109–19–56	107–05–12	7
Skylark	W. S. Gould	110–10–05	108–32–51	9
Mistress	G. E. Roosevelt	119–14–42	116–18–14	16
Blue Water	A. M. White, Jr	122–17–10	116–42–33	18
Ulua	L. S. Carter	127–01–29	124–08–13	25
Countess	J. R. Aron	130–15–03	125–37–45	28
Shellback	Edw. Crabbe	130–12–58	126–44–58	29
Lady Susan	G. A. Whiting	130–34–25	127–58–54	31
Falcon II	G. Ottley	127–57–20	126–38–14	Disq.

CLASS B

Alsumar	P. Le Boutillier	117–25–10	107–03–04	6
Wild Goose	C. B. Rockwell	119–22–09	107–07–04	8
Kestrel	D. F. Wolfe	119–18–30	108–43–34	10
Cyclone	F. J. Wells	121–01–50	109–12–25	11
Balkis	L. L. Stanton	127–36–13	110–09–36	12
Savannah	F. C. Rogers	118–05–57	111–07–25	13
Jubilee	W. G. Dunham	126–46–25	114–10–02	14
Ataloa	L. C. Strong	132–22–47	115–38–03	15
Nancy Lee	Donald Scott	130–48–53	116–32–31	17
Quissett	H. C. Holcomb	130–39–50	117–44–46	19
Mesoma	L. N. Emory	126–22–34	117–55–49	20
Volante	A. L. Loomis, Jr.	127–10–12	118–47–44	21
Souwester	H. B. Loder	130–42–25	119–01–51	22
Sonny	A. D. Phelps	131–20–40	120–33–48	23
Carlsark	Weagant & Devereux	131–40–33	121–00–52	24
Yolu San	J. D. Robb	138–07–27	124–36–36	26
Black Friar	E. P. Jastram	143–07–24	125–27–56	27
Grey Gull II	W. B. Campbell	143–57–06	126–50–11	30
Canuck	R. P. Baruch	142–22–29	129–59–01	32
Seagoin	W. K. Barclay	143–55–39	132–03–04	33
Nebula	N. Conway	143–35–22	133–41–41	34
Highland Belle	G. Abbott	271–57–00	253–12–06	35
Blue Sea	W. D. Scranton	Under Power		
Sequoia	F. F. Bludworth	Under Power		

CLASS D

Lilu	R. H. Moore	92–00–55	91–01–06
Twilight	P. Truesdale	109–49–05	108–49–16
Thoroughbred	A. B. Hagner	112–43–49	112–43–49
Betsy	J. A. Harris, 3rd	131–04–10	121–14–03

The President Goes Cruising

Notes from the Log of "Amberjack II"

By

JAMES ROOSEVELT

and

PAUL D. RUST, JR.

Acme Photo

"Amberjack II," with the President aboard, off on her vacation cruise to Campobello, New Brunswick

THE President of the United States wants to take a cruise Down East. The message rang throughout the country; the Navy Department speculated, sportsmen rejoiced, and everyone admired the simplicity of such a vacation. All interest focused upon the boat which the nation's leader would sail.

The *Amberjack II*, a 45-foot schooner, was chosen. This boat, owned by Paul D. Rust, Jr., was built in 1931 by George Lawley & Sons. The seaworthiness of this little vessel had been most satisfactorily proved in the Transatlantic Race to England and subsequent races both in British and American waters.

The *Amberjack*, having a Marconi main, gaff fore, and double headsails, is powered with a 40-horse Scripps motor. As to the interior, a crew of seven, including one paid hand, can be very comfortably accommodated. Two of the afterguard sleep in a moderate-sized quarter stateroom, four in the spacious main cabin, and the "crew" forward. Under the bunks in the main cabin are two 100-gallon water tanks. The galley, located just forward of amidships on the port side, is equipped with a Shipmate coal stove. In general, *Amberjack's* layout is the usual one of an auxiliary cruiser of this size.

Early in May the *Amberjack* went into commission. The following month was spent in preparation for the President's cruise. Supplies, consisting mainly of canned foods, such as corned beef hash, peas, stewed corn, tomatoes, and various fruits, were systematically stowed in the lockers and under the bunks, for nothing can be more disconcerting to a cook at sea than to search every locker, and sometimes the bilges, before being able to find a can of beans. As a result, an entry was made in the back of the log book which told where everything had been hidden away. Then followed a few days spent in bending on a new suit of canvas and in taking shakedown trips in Massachusetts Bay.

At last, on the evening of June 14th, the *Cuyahoga*, a 125-foot navy radio communications ship, which was to be *Amberjack's* escort, dropped anchor at the mouth of Marblehead harbor. Last minute provisions were put aboard. The crew, James Roosevelt, Amyas Ames, George Briggs, Paul Rust, and a Navy bosun's mate, were ready to set sail for Marion, Mass., where the President was to join the ship and become the skipper. But, as every old hand knows, no cruise is perfect without delays. At almost the moment of weighing anchor, James Roosevelt's house in New Hampshire burned down, and all plans were thrown into confusion. "Jimmie" immediately rushed home while the rest of the crew stood by awaiting orders. Finally, after many messages and telephone calls, word came through to proceed to Marion without him.

Shortly before midnight we signaled our convoy to get underway and follow us to Cape Cod. Because of extremely light airs we told the chief in charge of the *Cuyahoga* that it would probably take us somewhere between eight and ten hours to make the run from Marblehead to the eastern entrance of the Cape Cod Canal. But during the mid-watch, a beautiful quartering breeze sprang up which lasted throughout the run, and instead of taking ten hours, we made the trip in just over six. At daybreak we began to search the horizon for our Diesel escort, but she was nowhere to be seen. Upon reaching the canal, where we thought she might be awaiting our arrival, they told us she had not been seen. The tide being to our advantage, we ran through in short order, shot out into Buzzard's Bay, rounded up, put on full sail, and laid a course for Marion. From the east end of the bay, looking toward Marion, we could faintly distinguish the outlines of two large vessels. Just

at this moment someone below turned on the radio. The early morning news flash informed us that two destroyers, the *Ellis* and the *Bernadou*, were lying off Marion harbor awaiting the President's arrival, that the *Amberjack* had left Marblehead the evening before, and that Congress was still in a turmoil.

This pre-breakfast news concerning Congress certainly did not add to our appetites, for we had all been anxiously praying that that august body would tire of arguing and let our skipper-to-be start his vacation. Within the hour we slid quietly under the bow of the *Ellis*, up the narrow channel and dropped the hook in Marion harbor. The anchor was scarcely on bottom when the yacht club launch came alongside to put us aboard the *Ellis*. At the head of the gangway we were greeted by Captain Vernon, the President's naval aide, who wanted to know what we had done with our convoy. Before we could give him an answer, a communications' officer delivered a message from the *Cuyahoga* which read — "Searching Massachusetts Bay for *Amberjack*. Request orders." Puffed out a little with pardonable pride at having run away from a naval escort, we began to laugh, but soon realized from the expressions on the faces of the officers that in the Navy this was no joke. A wireless was dispatched to the *Cuyahoga* and she duly joined the little fleet.

During the afternoon, a most congenial little man came aboard, said his name was John Cutter, and wanted to know where to put his things. We had read in the papers a few days before that there was a friend of Mr. Roosevelt's who would join the ship, but where he would meet us and what he would be like afforded quite a topic of conversation. Little did we think when Mr. Cutter joined the ship that he was the person whom we would all learn to respect so highly for his excellent cooking and to like for his continuous good humor.

Saturday afternoon, June 17th, the once quiet little whaling village of Marion was in an uproar. The houses and shops were decorated and draped with flags, the streets and waterfront were jammed with people. Just after three o'clock *Amberjack* was brought alongside Dr. McDonald's dock, the same dock from which many an old whaler had cast off in years gone by. Navy gigs and launches buzzed all over the tiny harbor.

At four, word came through from Groton that Mr. Roosevelt and James were on their way by automobile and should arrive within an hour and a half. At six, a strong rain squall, which lasted but a few minutes, whipped the shallow waters of the harbor into a foaming mass of spray. On the heels of the flurry, the President and his son, sitting in the back seat of an open car, drove quietly into the yard. The car stopped for a few minutes while the President greeted some of his old friends, and then proceeded down to the dock where the *Amberjack* was lying.

The engine was running. Each member of the crew had some particular job; two were on the bow and stern lines, one on the main signal halliards, ready to hoist the President's flag as soon as he stepped on board, and Rust was at the wheel prepared to get underway as soon as the gangplank had been removed.

All went smoothly and we shoved off amidst a burst of applause and cheering, took a short spin around the harbor and then picked up our mooring. As the little *Amberjack* settled back on her chain in the quiet water, and the sun went down behind the old sail lofts on shore, it seemed as though the world had been left behind. The President gave a sigh of contentment and said nothing for a few moments while he sat taking in that peaceful scene.

With characteristic spontaneity, Mr. Roosevelt, the President of a few moments ago, now "The Skipper," came out of his reverie to greet his old friend, Dr. McDonald, who was just coming aboard. The host for the evening provided a most delicious dinner, which his housekeeper had prepared. For over an hour a small motor launch was busily engaged in bringing first one hot course and then another from the house to the boat. At last, the finishing touch, the housekeeper herself came out with a tremendous short cake which she presented to Mr. Roosevelt, much to his enjoyment.

By midnight, we had all turned in for a good night's sleep, but in the morning even the skipper complained that one of the lobsters eaten the night before had sneaked up and bitten him viciously about 4:00 A.M.

At six o'clock the first hand to awake could be heard endeavoring to crawl from his bunk. By 6:15 three or four of the outfit were in swimming and the most tremendous racket could be heard on deck, but the skipper continued to sleep on. By seven o'clock an entirely "New Deal," a vacation, had started for the President. Those of us who are unaccustomed to tremendous publicity could hardly call the reception that the skipper got when he came on deck a vacation. At eight o'clock, after a good breakfast of eggs, bacon and coffee, the skipper put his head out of the main companionway, to be greeted by a swarm of photographers, each one more anxious than the other to get the closest "shot." For almost an hour these men continued to scrap for a front row seat.

Just before nine, our scheduled hour of departure, when the skipper's anxiety to get underway could be held in check no longer, he asked the photographers to leave and gave the order to hoist sail. With a beautiful nor'west breeze and all our kites flying, we ran out of Marion, across Buzzard's Bay for Naushon Island. How many who see this, whether casual readers, old-time racing men or deep sea cruisers, can picture a President of the United States sitting at the wheel of a small boat, quietly giving orders in a manner that stamped him as a real sailor. From the moment we weighed anchor, every one of us knew that he was, in reality, the skipper.

Arriving off Naushon, we ducked into Woods Hole Passage and left our destroyer escorts looking like a couple of suspicious bulldogs, while their pup, the *Cuyahoga*, followed us through and anchored near by. Here we were met by Mr. W. Cameron Forbes, who escorted us into his beautiful little landlocked basin, Hadley's harbor. After the skipper had had a visit with Mr. Forbes and the crew a horseback ride ashore, we set sail for Nantucket. Upon leaving Hadley's and entering Woods Hole Passage, a series of squalls overtook us, so that we were forced to douse the main and run wing and wing under the fore and forestaysail. After we had slipped past Woods Hole and scudded part way down Nantucket Sound, the weather ahead looked so dirty that the skipper thought it wise to put into Edgartown for the night.

Just before turning into that snug little harbor, the skipper decided to notify the escorts of our change in plans. Where were they? Oh, yes, there they were, just astern, although up to that time no one had so much as given them a thought. We counted; one, two — one bulldog, two bulldogs. But where was the little white puppy? Great hilarity took place on deck. Perhaps the *Amberjack* had once again run away from the *Cuyahoga*. Not so, however, for, just dropping anchor, who should loom up astern but our long lost pet.

It might be interesting to know that from Woods Hole Passage to Squash River Bell, off Edgartown, we

averaged 5½ knots under our meager spread of canvas. But our speed could by no means be entirely attributed to the force of the wind. Those of you who know sailing realize what a large part helmsmanship and trim of sails play in keeping a boat footing. In both of these respects Mr. Roosevelt is most adept.

Six A.M. found us underway again. The skipper remained in his bunk, enjoying the luxury of a much deserved rest. Edgartown had been wonderfully quiet and peaceful. A long day's run around the Cape to Provincetown lay ahead, thus an early start. What a run! Scarcely had we poked our nose into Nantucket Sound than a strong east wind and head sea started to make up. By the time we had reached Handkerchief Shoal Lightvessel it was blowing hard. The little press boats, which thus far in the story have been neglected, were making bad weather of it astern. So, once again, excellent judgment on the part of the skipper came into play, and we put the helm up and ran into Nantucket.

There, for the first time since leaving Marion, we realized that the President was on board. To us, at that time, he was only a fine sailor, and a pleasant, congenial companion. Upon entering Nantucket harbor we were suddenly aroused from our quiet contemplation of the weather by the blowing of whistles, ringing of bells and the enthusiastic cheering of throngs. The President of the United States was visiting one of the quaintest and oldest ports in the country. Hundreds of small boats, overcrowded with people, buzzed around our little craft. Some were just sightseers, some only curious; but the great majority were there whole-heartedly to welcome their "friend." So great was the confusion that even before we had come to anchor, the destroyers were forced to send in some small motor launches in order to keep the crowds at a safe distance.

In the early afternoon it was decided that those who were so inclined should go ashore to replenish the cook's greatly depleted store of food. Needless to say, every one of us was extremely anxious to see the island, so we left the President in the company of a couple of old friends with the intention of wandering around the town by ourselves.

One of the navy launches set us ashore on the yacht club float, and there, much to our amazement, we were greeted by the mayor, the commodore of the club and a group of distinguished citizens. After a most enjoyable drive with our pleasant hosts, we returned to the boat, having forgotten nearly everything we were originally dispatched to purchase.

Acme Photo

The President, skipper of the "Amberjack II," at the wheel. Paul Rust and James Roosevelt to the right of the skipper

As our longest and most strenuous day lay ahead, everyone turned in early that evening. Shortly after four bells next morning, our government anchor watch, consisting of one secret service man and two naval guards, were sent back to their respective ships while we prepared to get underway. It was a beautiful morning. The clouds and rain squalls of the evening before had completely disappeared, and the skipper's prayer for a following wind had been answered.

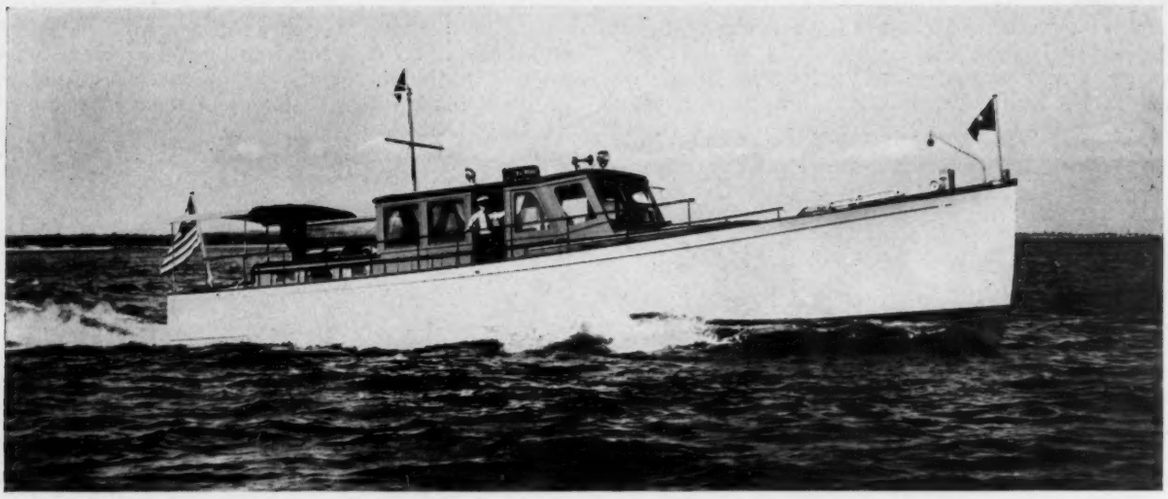
The breeze, although well astern, became extremely light shortly before noon. With little or nothing to do and the sun blazing down upon us, we stripped to the waist and enjoyed a real baking. While drifting along in this lazy fashion we gradually became conscious of the distant hum of an aeroplane. Before we realized it, the plane was upon us and was recognized as the President's private ship. Within half an hour of our first realization that a plane was near by, Assistant Secretary of State Raymond Moley was aboard the *Amberjack*. It was a unique place for such an important conference.

After two solid hours of weighty discussions with the President, Mr. Moley returned to the plane which carried him back to Washington. The rest of the day was divided between shifting light sails and sleeping.

Originally, the plan had been to put in at Provincetown for at least one night, but, as the sun sank below the precipitous dunes of Cape Cod, a beautiful quarter-

(*Continued on page 90*)

"El Nido," A 51-Foot Cruiser



"El Nido," owned by E. E. Dickinson, Jr., of Essex, Conn., was designed by Sparkman & Stephens, and built by Lemos Bros., Riverside, R. I. Distinctive in appearance, "El Nido" is pleasing to the eye and combines comfort and ability to a marked degree. She is extremely "livable," with a commodious deckhouse, an owner's sleeping cabin aft, and a combination saloon-stateroom forward. Power is furnished by a Lathrop motor, installed under the deckhouse. The interior finish, in flat tones, is attractive

Photos by M. Rosenfeld

Photos by M. Rosenfeld

"Delphine IV," an example of what intelligent thought and careful preparation can accomplish. Built in 1925, from designs by George Crouch, she won the Gold Cup and the President's Cup. Her Packard Gold Cup motor is being completely modernized this year

Tuning-Up and Driving the Racing Motor Boat

By GEORGE F. CROUCH

N MORE than one occasion I have heard expert skippers of sailing yachts remark that motor boat racing must be deadly dull because it left so little to the skill of the crew. When I try to explain that proper handling and proper tuning-up are fully as important in winning motor boat races as they are in sailing matches, my statements are not believed. Unless one has had some experience with a racing motor boat, the very fact that it is driven by a motor of a certain rated horsepower leads one to the belief that the boat must always have a certain speed regardless of other factors. But everyone who has designed, built or driven a racing boat knows that, from the smallest outboard to the Harmsworth monster, the crew — helmsman and mechanic — is more important in winning races than the boat.

Of course a slow, clumsy boat can never win races even with the best of crews — nor can it do so in sail. Whether in power or in sail, the crew must have something with which to work. But the best boat in the world cannot do much without a good crew. Boat and crew — the two are inseparable.

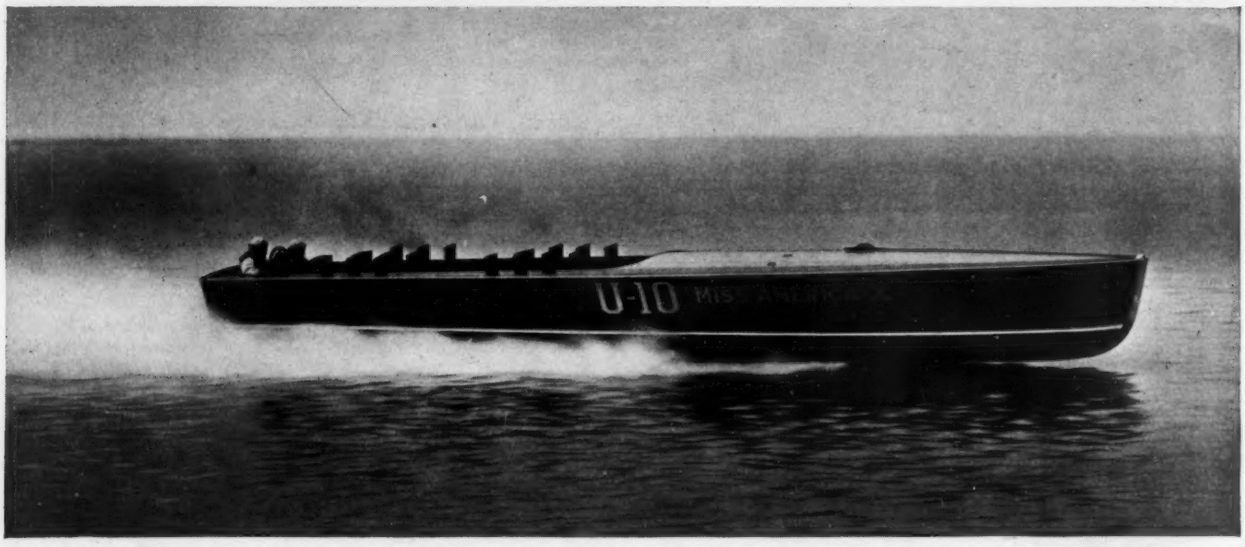
When the Skipper of YACHTING asked me to tell something about tuning-up and handling racing motor boats, I felt reluctant to do so because I have never driven a boat in any important race and it might seem presumptuous to try to tell about it. But I have had the opportunity of driving every type of speed boat except the Harmsworth class — testing out the boats before they were turned over to the owners — and though my point of view is primarily that of the designer, perhaps some drivers may find a few hints in this article.

When the boat is put into the water the first runs should be more for the purpose of finding out how she handles and how she acts in the wash of other boats than for tests of speed over the mile. Every boat is as individual and has as much personality as a woman. Find out how the boat acts when in a little chop or when crossing a wake, and drive her enough to become familiar with her idiosyncrasies. Drive her enough to ascertain that everything is working properly, that the oil cooler has the proper amount of water going through it, that the pumps are giving the correct amount of water through the jackets, that all the controls — especially the foot throttle — are working freely and without too much lost motion, that the oil pressure is correct and holds up after the motor and the oil are warmed. See that the stuffing box does not overheat; if it does, slack away on it until it runs freely. While you are checking up on the thousand and one little items, such as those mentioned, you will become accustomed to the boat, to the manner in which she responds to throttle, and how she acts in different water conditions. If you are really tuning-up in scientific fashion you should keep a record of the actual weight of the boat, including gas, oil and crew on every run, and should notice how she acts under various conditions of loading.

These preliminary runs may require only a single afternoon or a couple of weeks, depending on how much alteration must be made in order to get the boat working properly and whether or not it is necessary to make changes in the bottom and in the location of weights in order to cure "porpoising," or jumping. When they are finished the serious testing and tuning-up may be started. Before going into detail regarding testing it may be of interest to note how to stop "porpoising." There are many theories about this peculiar action. Throwing them all into the discard, and working only from experience, "porpoising" can be reduced by moving the

Driving a large boat at a speed of 60 miles an hour calls for skill and nerve. "Miss Dee-Wite II"

Gar Wood has driven "Miss America X," with her four 12-cylinder Packard motors, at better than 100 miles per hour



weights farther forward or by decreasing the angle of the forward planing surface and increasing the angle of the after one. Any one of these remedies, or any combination of them, can be tried out until the desired result is obtained. If a boat goes out of shape she usually sags in the center, thus decreasing the angle of the after plane and increasing it on the forward plane. Nine times out of ten the result is severe jumping from one plane to the other. Such action is hard on the crew and on the heart action of the spectators.

Some experienced drivers hold to the theory that a boat which is "porpoising" is faster than one which runs steadily. They are undoubtedly correct — within limits. It is entirely possible for a boat to be held down on the water by suction on the forward plane and run as steadily as if she were on rails. But such a boat is never fast for her power although she may be easy to handle. Experience has shown that a boat is in her fastest trim when she is just on the point of "porpoising" in smooth water. She is then free and clear of suction and reaches her most efficient lifting point.

After the boat is running decently, and all the major defects have been eliminated, then the real tuning-up can be started. In order to do this intelligently only a few items of equipment are needed, but these must be absolutely accurate. First and foremost is an accurate tachometer. The ordinary stock tachometer may be a couple of hundred revolutions out of the way, just as the speedometer on a motor car is often ten miles off in seventy. Check the tachometer against a standard calibrated one, unless it is already calibrated — as it should be — when you receive it. A check can be made against the tachometer by using a stop watch and a revolution counter, but this is sometimes difficult as it takes considerable skill and experience to handle the revolution counter and watch and get accurate results, and it is hard to find a convenient rotating part on many motors on which to apply the counter. At any rate, do not consider the revolutions of the tachometer accurate unless the instrument has been checked in some fashion. Failure to observe this caution may lead to an entirely erroneous interpretation of tuning-up results as far as propeller slip is concerned.

The second requisite is an accurate course over which to run trials. A statute mile is 5280 feet long — no more and no less. It is hardly sufficient to say that "it is a mile from the 49th Street bridge to the corner of Kelly's dock." Perhaps it is — but more often it isn't. The course should be accurately surveyed and correctly marked with front and back markers. There are a number of accurately laid out courses in the New York district, but they are most unpopular with those who test boats. The course should be in protected water in order to avoid delays caused by rough water. Tide and currents should preferably be directly in the line of the course and not across it.

If the crew is honest with the boat and with themselves, there is no objection to using a course much shorter than a mile provided the actual length of the course is taken when calculating the speed. And a

shorter course does expedite the process of tuning-up because it does not take as long to make the runs, and there is less chance of spoiling a run due to some other boat coming on the course and blocking it. A convenient length for testing is 1466⅔ feet; this is long enough to get fairly good comparative results and the speed of the boat can be figured quickly by dividing 1000 by the time over this course in seconds. For example, if it takes 20 seconds to travel the 1466⅔ feet, the speed — found by dividing 1000 by 20 — is 50 miles an hour. But the timing must be accurate when using such a short course and any records over it are of no value except for tuning-up.

The third implement needed in tuning up is a good stop watch. No matter what the tachometer says, the final answer lies with the watch. To check the stop watch is simple and easy. All that is required is to start it against a good clock and check it for half an hour. If this check shows a discrepancy of less than a second for that duration of test the watch is well within the accuracy demanded.

And there is a fourth item which is only too often entirely neglected. That is a note book in which to set down the result of every trial and every test, with your remarks and conclusions. Unless these are noted at the time there is bound to be confusion a little later and the discussion as to when a certain thing happened and under what conditions it occurred will be endless. One of the most interesting things of this sort I have ever seen is the note book of the mechanic on a Gold Cup boat — the *Greenwich Folly*, which twice won the cup. There, in detail, were set down the results of all the experiments which were made while tuning-up that boat to winning form.

Before going into detail, a word of warning which deserves a paragraph all by itself. When making changes, change but one thing at a time and find out what the effect of that change is *before changing another thing in any manner whatsoever*. If more than one change is made before trying out the effect of the first one, then the results are apt to be misunderstood and no end of argument will follow. Never change carburetor adjustments when trying to compare wheels. Try to have the same amount of gas and oil aboard when comparing speeds. In other words, always eliminate all variable factors except the one which you are investigating.

Time trials over the course can then be started in earnest. Naturally, times have been taken during the preliminary runs, but at this stage in the process of tuning-up the tests are being made for the purpose of trying out different wheels, fins and perhaps different rudder arrangements. All trials should be made in pairs, taking the two runs in opposite directions, figuring the speeds of each run, and then averaging the speeds to get the true speed. Do not average the time and then calculate the speed — that is incorrect. The error will not be large when dealing with a 60-mile-an-hour boat, but if the boat is a slow cruiser the error may

(*Continued on page 84*)

Two stock Chris-Craft running neck and neck. The ridge in the center where the two wakes meet is extremely dangerous to a following boat

It is dangerous to take one's eyes off the course at high speed. A 30-foot Hackercraft doing better than 40-per with a 6-cylinder 225 h.p. Kermath

Across the Atlantic With the Staysail Rig

By

ANTHONY HECKSTALL SMITH

"Sonia's" faithful old squaresail which was carried for nearly fourteen days

Photo by Anthony Heckstall Smith

THE average man would expect to find adventure in crossing the Atlantic in a small sailing vessel. The thought of such a voyage conjures up in his mind pictures of those hazardous and exciting voyages made by the sea-dogs of old in their cockleshell boats, or the daring feats of Slocum, Captain Voss, or Harry Pidgeon.

Sailing across the Atlantic has, however, become almost as commonplace as swimming the English Channel. Yachtsmen seem to be making a habit of it and apparently think no more of the passage in a small sailing craft than of stepping aboard an ocean liner at Southampton, or New York. To make this voyage in a *Dorade, Jolie Brise* or *Niña* is, of course, a very different matter than to make it in a vessel as large as the three-masted staysail-rigged schooner *Sonia II*, as I did recently. There is little or no sense of achievement about such a trip in a vessel of 450 tons. In fact, when I arrived at Miami after the passage I felt almost ashamed either to write or say anything about the trip at all. At home I have the reputation of being a fair weather sailor who dislikes getting wet — a reputation, entirely unjust though it be, that not even the Fastnet Race of 1930 could destroy — and the fact that I set sail across "the Pond" on anything quite so large as *Sonia* seemed to me to strengthen the argument of my critics. So let me say here and now that I do not consider that I did anything in the least adventurous by sailing in *Sonia*.

The passage, which occupied twenty-nine sailing days, was singularly uneventful. By coming southabout we avoided the bad weather and after leaving the Canary Islands the weather was almost monotonously fine.

We left Southampton during the first week in November and sailed down Channel with light quartering winds that tended to come ahead soon after we lost sight of the English coast. The Bay held no horrors for us but after we passed Cape Finisterre we ran into bad weather. Huge seas were running and it began to blow very hard. For nearly five days we had a very bad time of it and *Sonia*, all things considered, behaved fairly well. Her greatest trouble was her rig. The mizzen, or spanker, was stowed below decks for the passage and we were carrying only a small trysail, the lower staysails on the main and fore, and a little storm jib. With her tall, solid spars and so little canvas, *Sonia* rolled terribly in the big seas and was very unhandy, to say nothing of being uncomfortable.

It was not long before I began to wish that above *Sonia's* fine hull there had been a more old-fashioned rig. Finally, after a nasty dusting, we arrived at Las Palmas where we stayed for a week undergoing some minor repairs to our bulwarks and decks, which had suffered in the gale.

From Las Palmas to Porto Rico we sailed through the trades and fine weather, making the passage in fourteen days. Nearly all the way we carried our squaresail, and our auxiliary, a six-cylinder Gardner Diesel, was running most of the time. With the wind abaft the beam the staysail rig proved of very little use. With the sheets eased, the upper staysails flopped about as *Sonia* rolled to the Atlantic swell, in the manner of washing on a clothes line. The only sail that was really of any use was the

faithful old squaresail which stayed up for nearly fourteen days. Without her engine *Sonia* would have made a very slow passage to the West Indies.

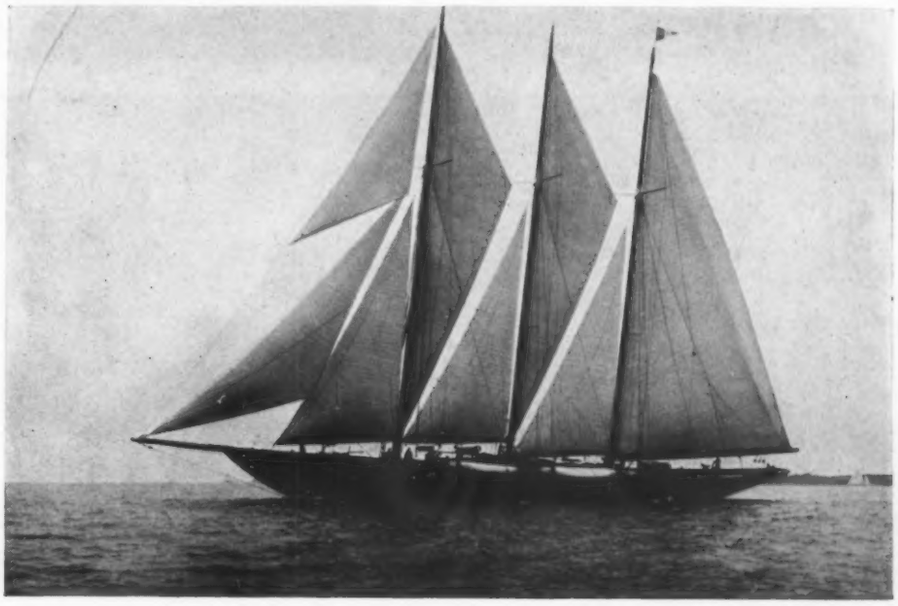
Since I am no authority on ocean voyaging I do not know what the experts generally consider to be the most efficient rig, but one thing I am certain about is that the staysail rig is not right for the job. For coastwise cruising in sheltered waters it is good enough, but at sea it is thoroughly bad. The chief argument in its favor has always been that it is an economical rig, as it can be handled by a small crew, but as far as *Sonia* was concerned this was not the case. Her crew, all splendid sailormen, could have handled her just as well and just as easily if she had been rigged with the old-fashioned gaff rig and had carried topsails. Rolling about, even in the long unbroken swell of the Atlantic in fine weather, with the wind free, the slat of the upper staysails was a great strain on the topmasts. Whether or not we should have carried away a topmast if we had persisted in keeping those staysails aloft I do not know. Personally, I should not have liked to have taken the chance. Of one thing I am certain. The way those sails chucked at the spars was very unpleasant and disquieting to one's nerves. So it was that after having given the upper staysails a chance to prove their worth, we lowered them away and carried on with the auxiliary and the squaresail to Porto Rico. Here we stayed for a few days laying in stores and enjoying the glorious hot weather.

From San Juan we set a course up through the Islands for Miami, and with gloriously fine weather we made the passage in five days. Once again we had the wind either abeam or just abaft the beam, and although we were now in comparatively smooth water the upper staysails were not very effective. Once again, too, the auxiliary was running most of the time — I am still trying to make up my mind whether an auxiliary engine is a blessing or a curse when it is left to the none too tender mercy of a paid crew. Throughout the whole trip *Sonia's* engine worked overtime. To call it an auxiliary is really a gross libel on its wonderful reliability. If it had not been for that engine, I am bound to confess, we should have made a very slow passage. But give a professional crew an engine and they will work it to death to save themselves the trouble of handling sails and sheets. The reputations of many fine sailing vessels have been ruined by auxiliary engines for the simple reason that the crew so often try to work their ships with the minimum amount of canvas as an auxiliary to the power plant, and then complain that the wretched craft won't go to windward, or that she rolls and pitches in a seaway. All the time such vessels are being used for a purpose quite opposed to that for which they were designed.

This treatment was not entirely lacking in the case of *Sonia*, but at the same time there was reason for using the engine so consistently; that reason was the inefficiency of her staysail rig.

Sonia's rig is, of course, familiar to American yachtsmen but I do not think it is one that will ever be popular in the States. *Sonia's* designer, Charles Nicholson, is a great believer in this rig. He put it in the late Madame Heriot's *Ailée*, which is practically a sister ship of *Sonia*, and he also rerigged the schooner *Cetonia* as a three-masted staysail schooner, but I do not believe even so great a designer will be able to convince yachtsmen that this rig is a good one for long sea passages. It has its advantages; it is simple to handle, the sail plan is cut up and can be easily hoisted and lowered away. But, in my opinion, before the staysail rig, as exemplified in *Sonia*, can be made practicable for a large vessel, designers who wish to popularize it will have to devise some means of getting the upper staysails to stand when sailing off the wind. Close hauled, *Sonia's* staysail rig is fairly efficient, but with the wind free it is the poorest sort of rig I have been shipmates with for many a long day.

Sonia's hull is as pretty a thing as one could wish to see. Perhaps she is a little too slender and her bow a little too fine to make her thoroughly comfortable on an ocean voyage, but those points are matters of personal likes and dislikes. She was very dry, even in the hard blows between Finisterre and Las Palmas, and if only she had had a really seagoing rig above her hull she would have been a joy to sail. Despite her faults, however, I have much to thank her for, for she brought me safely across the Atlantic to the shores of America and thus gave me the opportunity of renewing many old friendships and making many new friendships with American yachtsmen. I shall return to England after my first visit to America with memories that will always remain with me — memories of such overwhelming kindness and hospitality as I have never seen equalled.



"Sonia's" rig was very much like this of "Ailée's" by the same designer, Charles E. Nicholson, with trysails on fore and main, over staysails. The idea was first suggested by F. A. Fenger

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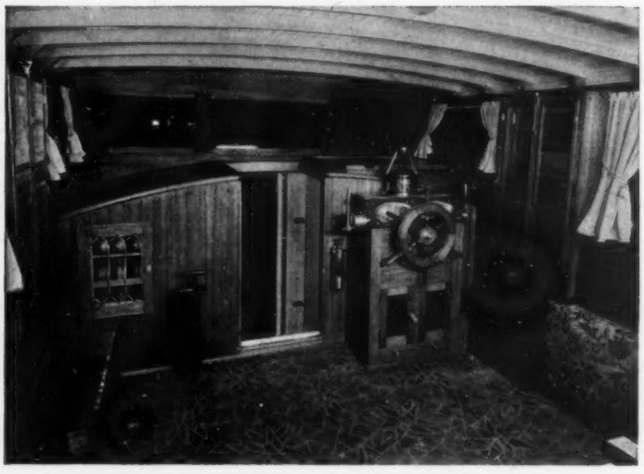
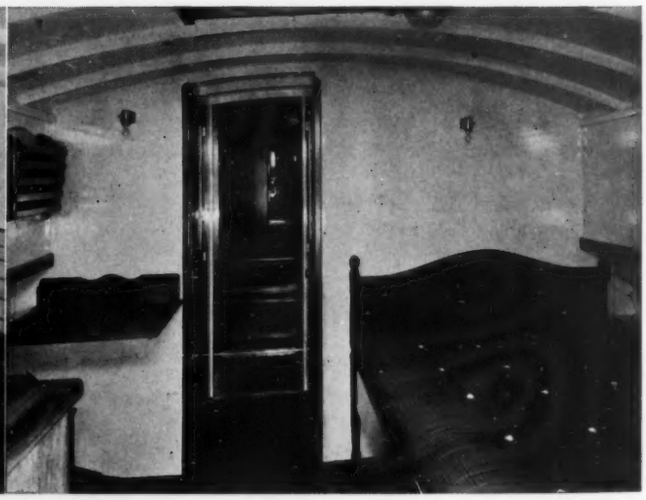
A New Double Cabin Cruiser

It is not often that a power cruiser only 38 feet in length can boast the accommodations, fittings, and comfort of a 46-footer. But in this new boat the Matthews Company seem to have accomplished this feat. In the space limited to 38 feet by 10 feet, they have turned out a double cabin cruiser with many unique features. The deckhouse is nine feet in length, affording a pleasant living and dining room, while the owner's cabin, aft, is equipped with a double bed, desk, easy chair, and a large locker and dresser. The forward cabin contains a well arranged galley and a double stateroom. Twin screws and two rudders permit easy handling, power being supplied by two Kermath-Farr 6-cylinder motors giving a speed of 16 m.p.h. at 1750 r.p.m.





Along the waterfront in Papeete when the harbor is not very full

Papeete's Water Front Up to Date

By PAUL HAAREN

AFTER some ten years I am back in Tahiti and eager to note the changes. There are not many. A new hotel on the waterfront. Some of the older hotels fallen into further decay and also, sad to relate, into disrepute. But happily, even though there is a severe depression going on throughout the rest of the world, and even though Tahiti has felt its shriveling touch to some extent, this is one spot in the world remote enough to make its existence of not much consequence.

The waterfront has not changed much. There is a new wharf in Papeete. The old wooden one collapsed after many years of faithful service and had to be replaced. This time by a concrete one. But it isn't the kind of concrete wharf that awes you with its modern design and efficient disposal of space. This is just the old wooden wharf turned, somehow, into concrete.

Every bit of that concrete mixed and poured by hand. Some of the Tahitian counterparts of our Rotarians are apt to apologize for that wharf. But they needn't. If it were different, Papeete's sea approach would be completely spoiled for the old-timer returned again. He would feel like the old pioneer who, after a little trip afield, came home only to find that his wife had somehow managed to get hold of enough money to tear down the old log house and replace it with a new, two-story red brick monstrosity, ginger bread trimmings and all.

There is no roof on Papeete's wharf and the hot sun pours down on what appears to be the very crowd that greeted the steamer ten years ago. A few changes in the fashion of dresses — but where do not the style of women's clothes change? But the faces wear the same happy grins. And there is the same hurling of laughing jibes, good-natured insults, and other forms of Tahitian welcome. It's Papeete, all right, the same old Tahiti.

But changes there are. We begin to see them after we have been here a while and are able to sort out jumbled first impressions. Some of the changes are sad ones. Some of them are realized only through the fact that something that was here before seems strangely missing. We miss the *Tahitian Maiden*, for instance, on our very first stroll along the waterfront. Luckily, the wife of our host is the daughter of old Joe Winchester, skipper of the *Tahitian Maiden*, and from her we can learn something of the *Maid's* sad story.

The *Tahitian Maiden*, as concerns her life amongst the happy isles of the South Pacific, was doomed almost from the beginning. She was too large for this part of the world where, although distances are vast, winds are strong and the waves that the hurricanes kick up are huge, the islands themselves are tiny and the cargoes that can be got from them very small. The *Tahitian Maiden* could not pay for herself. Even the company whose flag she flew couldn't get on the right side of the ledger. The P.C.P.C. enjoyed a short life. Eventually, it was bought up and merged with a larger company with headquarters in the States and allowed to dwindle and die. This after much expensive machinery had been shipped out to Tahiti and installed in the mill to press the oil out of the dried cocoanut meat.

The *Tahitian Maiden's* owners were known simply as the "oil company." This was not kerosene or petrol, but cocoanut oil, vegetable oil, the kind that goes to make your margarine or forms the base of most of your soaps, hair tonics and other beautifying lotions. The *Tahitian Maiden* made three trips a year out amongst the Paumotus (the Tuamotu Archipelago of your chart) and to the Marquesas. Here the copra, chipped out of hard cocoanut shells by hand, and with much sweat, and dried in the sun, was bought up in bulk, sacked, and stowed in a capacious hold for transportation back to Papeete.

But that hold was too capacious. Not enough copra could be found to fill it. Or the market for the oil pressed out by the expensive machinery in the mill at Papeete could not withstand the competition of the whale oil that was glutting the market. This whale oil, poured into the market from the Antarctic and other regions where modern Norwegian whale-oil-factories-afloat are engaged in catching by wholesale methods

thousands of these brothers of Moby Dick and putting most of what's left of him into barrels. This oil, when clarified or otherwise chemically treated, now is going into your foodstuffs, hair lotions and the like, and the good old cocoanut oil that your grandmother knew as "macassar oil" and was the cause, in the gay nineties, of the invention of the famous "anti-macassar" of horse-hair rocking chair fame, is finding the going toward a decent market price pretty rough. Vegetable oil prices are down. Copra prices are down. Everything is down except the spirits of these happy copra producers who go right on producing copra, laughter and children. But, here, we're wandering away from the *Tahitian Maiden.*

Island coasters of every description tied up along Papeete's waterfront

The *Tahitian Maiden* was a three-masted schooner of about three hundred tons. She was one hundred and twenty feet over all, drew ten feet of water, and was kicked along through lee-side island calms by a Fairbanks-Morse semi-Diesel. Captain Joe Winchester was her skipper, Teria (he was known by no other name) her mate, and Manu Coppenrath, her engineer. If you've read your Frederick O'Brien (believe him or not as you please) you already know Joe Winchester. He was the Lying Bill Pincher of O'Brien's book, a figure a bit distorted in that well-known opus, but every bit as romantic and picturesque as O'Brien makes him out to be.

Not only prose but poetry has singled out the *Tahitian Maiden* and Joe Winchester as subjects. There was that famous cruise the story of which caused James Norman Hall to burst into verse when he first came down to the islands after the war. On the *Maid* he took a first and never-to-be-forgotten trip from Tahiti to the Paumotus and the Marquesas Islands. The trip was fateful. Although the *Maid* left Papeete heavy laden with flour, sugar and rice wherewith to trade for copra with the islanders, nary a bag of that commodity was forthcoming. Neither in the Paumotus nor in the Marquesas. An unheard of condition. It got so that old Joe Winchester not only couldn't trade away his flour, sugar and rice for copra nor for credit against copra to be produced in the future, but couldn't even give his trade stock away. Everybody on the islands had all the flour, sugar and rice they needed.

Cap'n Joe was bound he'd stand out from Tahiti until he had done enough trade to get rid of his stock and have some corpa to show for it when he got back. But luck was dead against him. No trade, No copra. The tinned food began to give out. The ice machine broke down, and the rhum punches had to be drunk mixed with warm tank water. They hit a calm. "Nary a horse from the Fairbanks-Morse." Or at best, it would only shove the ship through a glassy sea at about a knot and a half an hour. Cap'n Joe, the "first class passengur" (Hall), Teria, the mate, Manu, the engineer, and even "Tusk Tooth Tany," the steward, were pretty much at wits ends what to do.

But they drowned their fears and boredom in rhum punch. Got inspiration, even, therefrom. And in the end, as always (unless the ship is never heard from again), things turned out well enough. But not without the severest of trials and tribulations, much application of ingenuity—and all to the accompaniment of tremendous and terrific streams of steamy profanity. If Hall would do the work of expurgating that poem some publisher would have another "Ancient Mariner" to give the reading public. But expurgation might kill its juiciness. Hall gave old Joe a typewritten copy of the poem and toward the end it practically became old Joe's bible. Whenever he felt downcast and out of sorts, as a sick man will sometimes, he'd plunge into some portion of the epic, begin howling with laughter, call for a rhum punch, and live the events of a lively and carefree life all over again. Old Joe was sailor and ship's captain. He knew the kind of humor fit for a man's consumption.

It was a sad day when final word that the *Tahitian Maiden* was to be sold reached Joe. She was sold and had to be delivered at Manila, in the Philippines. The *Maiden* got there, right enough, but old Joe never did. He swore that none other than he would skipper the ship on her last voyage out of Papeete. He rose, feeble and wobbly, from a sick-bed to take the *Maid* out through the reef pass. His clothes hung from his gaunt frame like Monday's washing on the drying rack. But the trip was too much for him. It killed him. The *Maid* had to put in at Pango-Pango, in Samoa. Old Joe was carried ashore. He died in the naval hospital there and was buried in Samoa. Jack Winchester, his son, took the *Maid* onward and delivered her safely to her new owners.

What a trip she's had! Not the Philippine trip, but the combined voyages of her entire life. The trip from Liverpool, Nova Scotia, where she and her sister ship, the *Scotch Maiden*, first kissed the sea. From Nova Scotia to Tahiti, in the South Seas. Then trip upon trip across the deeps and over the reefs that make those South Seas the storied place they are; the Society Group, Paumotus, Marquesas, Austral Isles. What an opportunity if one could turn magician, rip a plank from her deck, endow it with life and language and loose its tongue for the telling of all those strange and outlandish happenings that must have taken place within its ken. I was in Manila within the year. If I had known that the *Maiden* was thereabouts I would have gone down to her moorings and given her poop a tread and her rail a goodby slap. *Bon Voyage, Tahitian Maiden,* wherever you are.

From Tahiti's largest schooner let's go aboard one of her smallest. Not far from where the *Tahitian Maiden* used to tie up, lies another little vessel which, in her own modest way, performs feats as doughty as any of the *Maid's*. She is the little *Taareu*, and any night, or rather, any early morning, you will see her come bouncing in off the open sea and dancing through the reef pass that is the gateway of Papeete's harbor.

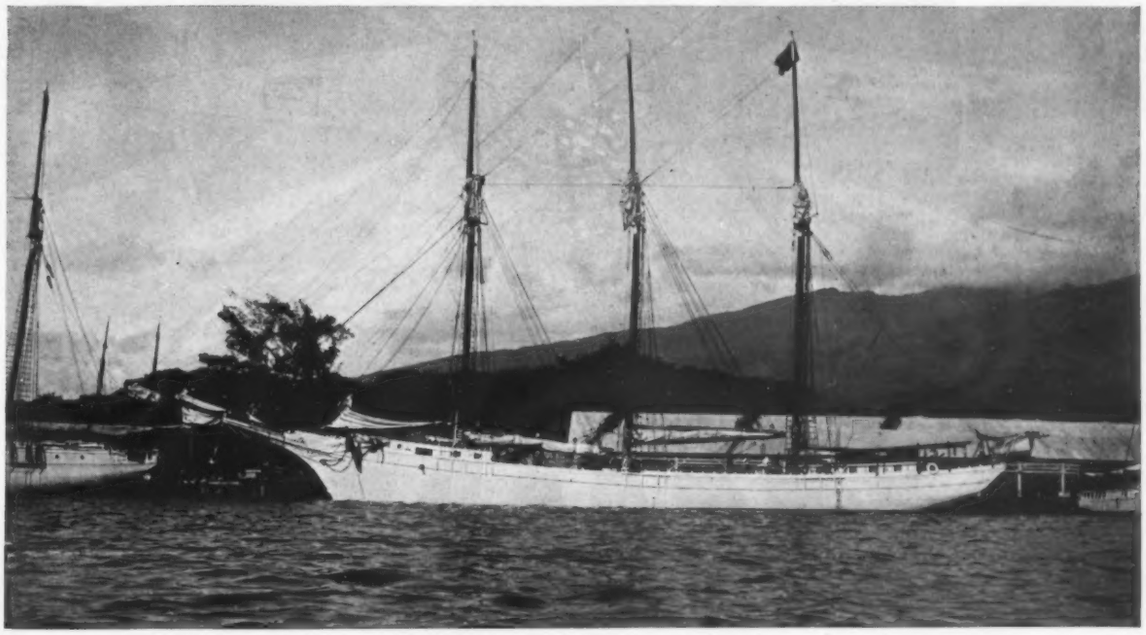
The *Taareu* used to be boat-of-all-work for the large plantation occupying most of Opunohu Valley, lying between Cook's and Papetoai Bays, in Moorea. But when the price of copra sank to nothing it also became expedient to sell the *Taareu*. She was not the *Taareu* then. But she is now, and is named for Taareu Pass that allows you to enter the calm and peaceful waters of Papetoai Bay. She is a changed boat, both in appearance and behavior. Her freeboard has been increased by adding some planking above deck, especially forward, where water was apt to come aboard in any sort of a sea. She's only about thirty feet long. Her engine is a twenty horsepower Kermath which kicks her along at a fairly comfortable speed.

The best time to be aboard the *Taareu* is at night when she is carrying the day's catch of fish from Faatoai, in Moorea, to the market in Papeete. This daily shipment of fish is a new industry for Faatoai. Fish, of course, has always been sent from Moorea to the market in Papeete, but never before in such wholesale quantities. A string or so would be put aboard the *Mitiaro* or the *Manaura* and consigned to some Chinese commission merchant in Papeete for what they would bring. But that's been changed.

The villagers of Faatoai now fish on a share basis. And this generally in the form of a "fish drive." From ten to twenty or more canoes spread fanwise outside the reef where the fish are large, plentiful and excellent as food. Gradually, the canoes draw closer together. Men in the bows of the canoes beat the water ahead of them with long poles. Any fish within the semicircle of that commotion will flee in the only direction they can — toward the reef. Lying spread here in wait for them is a net, the ends of which are manned by more canoes. When the fish are literally herded toward the center of the net the two ends are brought together by the canoes placed there for the purpose. The natives leap overboard amongst the mass of fish — and sometimes sharks — draw the ends of the net very closely together so that very few of the fish can escape, and then, if the sharks do not tear holes in the net through which they and the sheep-like following fish can escape, a goodly catch is the result.

The fish are mostly a species of the pompano, a hard fleshed fish called "paaihere." Also, there are bonito. Both make "maitai tamaa," excellent food, and command a very good price in Papeete. A bamboo fish trap is placed in the net enclosure. The fish are driven into it. Another trap is filled, and another, until enough fish to make a shipment are secured. The traps are then towed down to the end of Opunohu Bay and the fish kept alive and fresh until they are shipped aboard the *Taareu* to Papeete that night.

The *Taareu* generally leaves the little wharf at Faatoai about midnight. Every bit of her deck space is covered with fish, a foot deep and sometimes more, all over her.

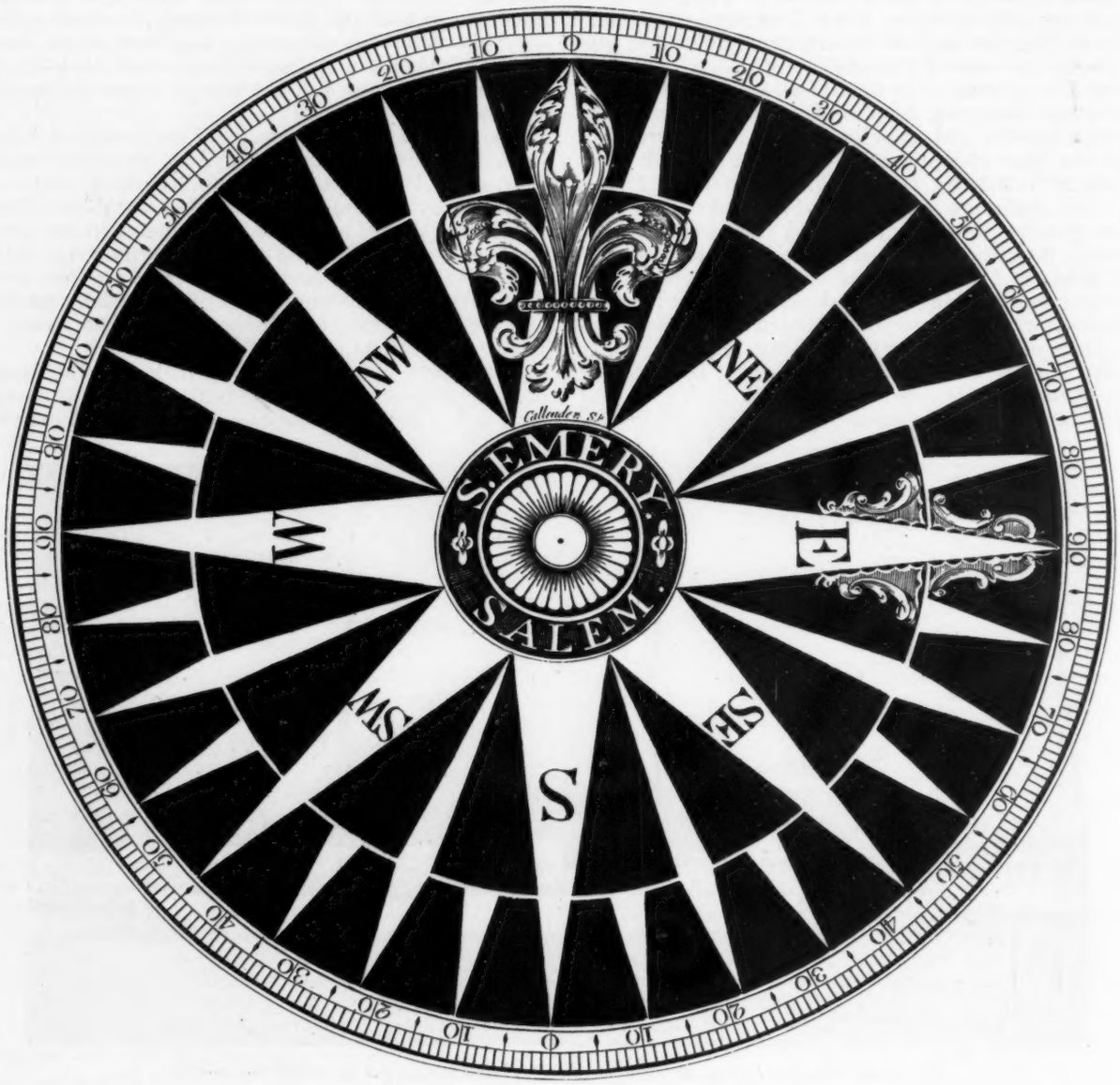


The stories that cluster about the "Tahitian Maiden" and her skipper are many and colorful

The *Taareu* will also accept passengers. And these, if they want to travel aboard her at all, must lie either atop the fish on branches, or huddle together in a knot on the roof of the combined cabin and engine room. This roof makes a sort of little raised platform and if you are down at the wharf early enough you may be lucky enough to secure a place for yourself on that. But if you're late, then it's a ride on top of the fish you get, all the way to Papeete.

If ever you want to put your seagoing propensities to the test and also at the same time gauge the strength of your stomach, come take a ride on the Moorea-to-Tahiti trip of the *Taareu*. It's not so bad going back in the morning, for then there are no fish and the deck has been washed down. But on the fish trip, at night — well, I've done it many, many times with the result that I am now secure in the knowledge that I can defy the

(Continued on page 83)



THE compass card shown here is a reproduction of a print which was made from a steel engraving found at the Nantucket Whaling Museum last year. This card, an unusually handsome one, was used by S. Emery, a nautical instrument maker of Salem during the early days of shipping. The plate is now in possession of the Peabody Museum, of Salem, having been presented to that institution by the Nantucket Whaling Museum.

The Magnetic Compass

A Thorough Acquaintance with this Instrument Is Essential to the Yachtsman

By CAPTAIN FRANK JANSEN

AMONG the important instruments in use for the navigation of a vessel is the magnetic compass. Not only is the magnetic compass the most important instrument for this specific use, but it is by far the oldest known invention for the guidance of the mariner on the trackless waters of the world.

Before the advent of the compass, mariners were taxed to the utmost of their intuitive powers. For want of an accurate method they were compelled to rely on the contours of the land as a guide in direction. Or, as often happened in those intervals when, for a short distance, they found themselves out of sight of land, they were forced to depend on the stars or the sun for guidance. At other times, when sun and stars were overcast, the mariner directed his vessel by keeping the angle between the keel and the direction of the waves constant. But this particular procedure, haphazard as it was, became possible only in the waters of those parts of the world where the wind blows continuously from one direction, as in the latitudes of the trade winds and the monsoons.

Due to the biannual reversal of the direction of the monsoons, the early navigators traversing the waters of the Indian Ocean and the China Sea found it possible while out of sight of land to direct their ships without the aid of a compass. Mariners of that day learned from experience, however, that by running their vessels directly before the wind in these regions they could successfully navigate *long distances out of sight of land.* And they had come to know that to retrace the vessel's course for a return to her port of departure it was but necessary to wait until the turning of the monsoon and then to sail again directly before the wind.

There are, to the knowledge of this writer, only two present-day instances of mariners who, without the aid of a compass, have navigated their ships long distances out of sight of land. One is that of Captain Voss in the *Tilikum.* It will be remembered that, about 1200 miles north of Sydney, Australia, the *Tilikum* broached to. Not only was the only other man on board washed into the sea, but the ship's binnacle and compass were carried overboard. But, like the resourceful seaman that he was, Captain Voss rose to the emergency by steering for a long distance out of sight of land with the sun, moon and stars as his guides. In overcast weather, he directed the boat according to the angle she made with the waves. The other instance of long-distance navigation without the aid of a compass is that over which Captain Forster triumphed. Without the aid of that instrument, Captain Forster directed the course of two life boats over 1700 miles of sea. The inefficiency of the compasses with which the boats were equipped rendered the instruments useless.

We learn that in ancient times, the Vikings, in the absence of a compass, resorted to the picturesque device of a raven to guide them back to land. Like Noah of old, they carried the bird on board their craft and liberated it only when uncertain as to the direction of land. The course of the bird's flight was then the direction which they followed until finally they landed on some shore. We learn, moreover, from a study of the ancient books of India, that the merchants of those days depended on a similar device for directing their ships. They, we are told, carried with them on their voyages "shore sighting birds."

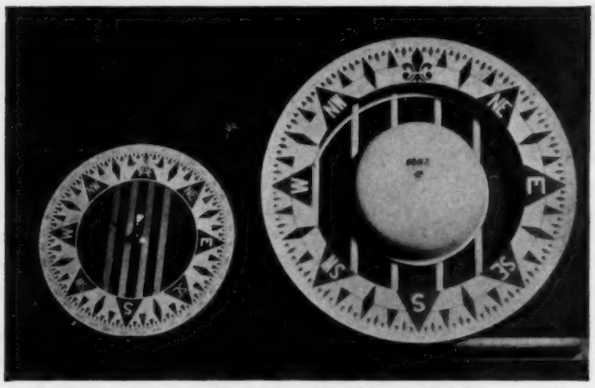
Though we do not know the year in which the first magnetic compass came into use, we do know how it looked. This primitive compass was made of a bowl (similar in size and shape to that of an ordinary porridge bowl) filled with water or oil upon which a fine, magnetized piece of iron, inserted in a hollow straw, was kept afloat. This lodestone — which in fact, might be termed a leading-stone — pointing toward the magnetic north pole, enabled the mariner to navigate his ship for long distances out of sight of land. To simplify the use of this compass, two pieces of string were fastened across the top of the bowl. By turning the bowl in azimuth until the strings ran parallel with the needle, a specific course could be steered. Compasses of this kind are still in use on Chinese junks today. An interesting modern development of this primitive instrument is the modern dialine or parallel compass.

Petrus Peregrinus, in 1269, wrote the earliest authentic description of a pivoted compass which is used even now. He describes an improved floating compass, the card of which was graduated to 90 degrees in each quadrant. It was provided with movable sights for taking bearings as well.

You may have your choice of two types of the modern magnetic compass, liquid or dry. Both are made of a brass bowl with a pivot in the center from which, by means of a small hood, is suspended the compass card, sometimes called the compass rose. This compass rose may have from two to six magnets attached to it. The magnets are parallel to each other and to the north-south graduation of the compass card. For the purpose of connecting the magnets, and the hood in the dry type of compass, silk thread is used. Due to the fact that the card directed by the magnets of this type of compass is as light as gossamer, these magnets are very short.

In the liquid type of compass, on the other hand, we find two methods of card attachment. In the alcohol compass the card is attached to the magnets by means of fine wires. These, again, are soldered to a float, while a hood with a jewel in its center is set into the middle of this float. In the kerosene compass — since the instrument has no float — the magnets are attached directly to the card.

The function of the float of the alcohol compass is to relieve the hood (which is suspended on the pivot in the center of the compass) from the weight of the card and magnets. By suspending this float in a composition of alcohol and water the friction of the jewel inside the hood — on which rests the whole weight of card and of magnets — is reduced to a minimum. Because the kerosene compass is a far less expensive instrument, it is not equipped with a float. Instead, it supports the weight of card and magnets directly on the jewel of the hood. An added function of the liquid in the compass of this type is to help in the process of damping the compass card in rough weather. This damping gives the compass card a certain amount of steadiness.



At left, the top view of a kerosene compass with four bright magnets attached directly to the card. Right, an alcohol compass with float to support the weight of the magnets

In contradistinction to this, the manner in which the card is suspended in the dry compass, plus that of the system of weight distribution, takes care of the damping of the card.

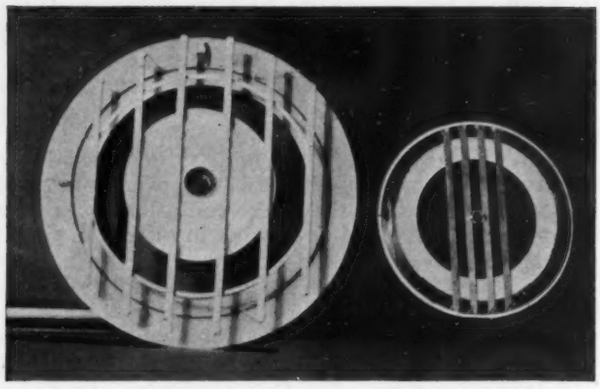
The covering of the compass bowl is glass of about a quarter-inch thickness. To prevent this glass from breaking, due to expansion of the liquid, frequently induced by its exposure to the sun, the side or the bottom of the bowl is fitted with an expansion chamber. Since neither the alcohol composition nor the kerosene will turn to ice in zero weather, the glass is free from danger of ice forming in the bowl and from resultant damage.

The two qualities essential in good compass design are steadiness and visibility. For the best efficiency these qualities must go hand in hand. If it cannot be read easily the steadiest compass is practically useless, while an easily read compass which lacks steadiness is equally useless. The compass is a relatively inexpensive article of equipment, and since the safety of the vessel is so dependent on its proper functioning, the best possible instrument should be provided.

The theory that a small boat be equipped with a small compass is, as a little sound reasoning will show, an incorrect one. It is evident that the more unsteady the platform on which the compass is mounted, the more the compass rose will be subjected to oscillation. The obvious inference, then, is that the invariable unsteadiness of a small boat demands a very steady compass. And, because it is practically impossible to build a two- to three-inch compass with the steadiness of the instruments of large size, a comparatively large compass is the only dependable kind to install on a small boat. On the other hand, the large vessel, which offers a comparatively steady platform for its compass, can be navigated efficiently with an instrument of relatively small size. The measurement of a compass, it is well to remember, is given, not by the diameter of the bowl, but by the size of the compass card.

The smallest compass, which, in the opinion of this writer, may be recommended for a 30-foot boat, is the six-inch type. This instrument, if used on the average boat, will be found to give good visibility and fairly dependable steadiness. The compass an inch larger, a far more desirable size from the point of view of steadiness and visibility, at a cost of but a few dollars more, will be found to give a far greater degree of satisfaction. If, however, good visibility plus a greater degree of steadiness is required, an eight-inch *reduced* diameter compass will be found a good investment. The advantage of this type is that the six and three-quarter inch card for the eight-inch bowl makes for a one and one-quarter inch clearance between the edge of the bowl and the card. The value of this clearance is that it serves to overcome the drag of the liquid on the compass card caused by the rolling of the ship.

For fast moving express cruisers a "dead beat" compass is a good investment, whereas for a sailing yacht a less expensive instrument may be satisfactory.



Bottom view of alcohol compass, left, and kerosene compass, right, showing the method of attaching the magnets to the card

There are sailing yachts on which, in many instances, the compass is placed forward of the cockpit on the small bridge deck, between the cockpit and the cabin trunk (See Figure No. 3). The result of such placement is that the compass is six to eight feet distant from the helmsman, imposing on him hardship in reading the graduations of the card and the lubber line. To overcome this handicap fully, we now have the new spherical compass manufactured by the Kelvin & Wilfrid O. White Co., of Boston. The upper half of the bowl of this instrument, a spherical dome of glass filled with liquid, forms a meniscus lens which considerably magnifies the card, thus making its gradations clearly visible at a considerable distance. Moreover, at a distance of seven feet, the six-inch spherical compass of this type equals in function of visibility the nine-inch flat top instrument; and, in respect to steadiness, it far surpasses the compass of that size.

Not only does this spherical compass provide exceptional visibility, but by the use of a spherical dome in place of a flat top glass, the bowl is enabled to move in any direction away from the horizontal without allowing the compass card to come in contact with the glass top. And all this notwithstanding how the ship may be rolling or pitching. When the ship is rolling heavily, the excessive oscillation of the card causes great difficulty in steering the vessel. This action, with ensuing friction, arises invariably when the glass and card come in contact. A result of this, again, is that the compass card follows the movement of the ship and is thereby drawn forcibly out of the magnetic meridian instead of remaining parallel to it. The moment the card is released from its contact with the glass, it has a tendency to swing back into the magnetic meridian, and in doing so it begins to oscillate. It is this which causes the unsteadiness of the compass. The spherical compass has an additional advantage. Its form permits the liquid in the compass — even when the ship is rolling considerably — to follow every movement of the compass bowl without forming eddies or drag, a difficulty to which the flat top type is subject. This further augments the

steadiness of the compass. Another point in favor of the spherical compass is that excessive vibration of the vessel, such as that produced by some engines, does not affect the instrument, with a resultant wearing down of the jewel and pivot on which it is mounted. For the purpose of reducing the pendulum effect in this type of compass to the minimum — an effect invariably produced in other types by the heavy weight attached to the base — there is underneath the bowl of the instrument a chamber *partly* filled with glycerine, which not only serves to retard any pendulous or swinging motion of the compass bowl, but provides the compass with a very steady platform as well.

The compass on board a power cruiser should be placed in the immediate center, that is, at equal distances away from the *sides* of the yacht. Its position in relation to the bow and stern is of comparatively little consequence. By placing the instrument in the very center of the yacht, the iron of the ship — motors, tanks, winches, davits — will induce a symmetrical deviation of the compass on all courses. Moreover, such placement will help greatly in adjusting the instrument.

The matter of distance of the instrument from the helmsman requires careful attention. Since it is the business of the helmsman while steering by compass to act alternately as lookout man, distance in this particular should be so managed that he does not, perforce, have to look *down* at the instrument. It should be remembered — since small yachts do not carry a lookout — that the helmsman functions in both capacities. Unless, then, attention be given to the matter of distance

The compass shown in the power cruiser above (Figure 1) is correctly placed so that the helmsman's line of vision ahead is only slightly above the line between his eye and the compass

of the compass from the helmsman, the ship is apt to run blind. For perfect distance adjustment the angle between the line of vision of eye and lubber line with the horizon should not be greater than 45 degrees (See Figures 1 and 3). The apparent advantage, it will be seen, of placing the compass at this angle is that the helmsman will find himself *automatically* looking ahead. Obviously, the vision *ahead of a line* drawn through the helmsman's eye, the lubber line, and the bow, should be unobstructed, and it is equally obvious that the vision should not be obscured either by superstructures or by boats (See Figure 2). But this is not all to be considered.

It is of utmost importance that the compass be placed at a sufficient distance from electrical iceboxes to obviate the effect which the opening of their steel doors produces. The same careful consideration should be given the matter of distance of placement from the galley stove and from metal utensils. Since heat is known to demagnetize metal, a hot stove will exert no influence on the compass, whereas a stove which is cold is apt to cause considerable deviation.

In the case of a sailing yacht, in order that the helmsman may see with ease no matter which side is to windward, it is expedient to place the compass in the center of the yacht. Similarly, the angle between eye and lubberline, and horizon should be the same as that on a power boat (See Figure 3). In order that the man at the wheel steering by compass be enabled to keep his eyes on the sails while he is so engaged, the writer recommends that this angle be 30 degrees, or less.

A word of caution relative to the use of a deckplate compass may not be amiss at this time. The construction of this instrument is such that the helmsman is compelled to concentrate his gaze on the floor of the cockpit instead of dividing his attention between compass and sails.

For proper functioning of the compass it is necessary that the lubber line should be parallel to the keel of the yacht. Otherwise, a constant deviation which cannot be adjusted will result.

There are times when a bubble develops in a liquid compass. In such a contingency the yachtsman will find the following directions sufficient for its removal. Before attempting to refill the compass, or trying to take the bubble out of it, the yachtsman must identify the type of compass. To differentiate between a kerosene and an alcohol compass, it is necessary only to observe the card and the magnets carefully. If the magnets are bright and flat and are attached directly to the card, and not to a float, the compass requires filling with kerosene or with a similar distillate. If, on the other hand, the magnets are round and painted and the card is attached to a float, it is sure to require filling with a mixture of alcohol and water. This writer would urge

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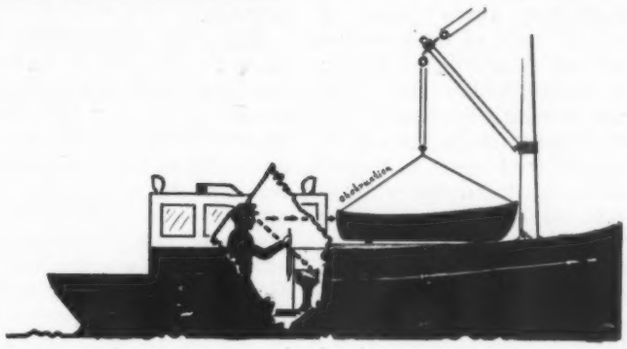
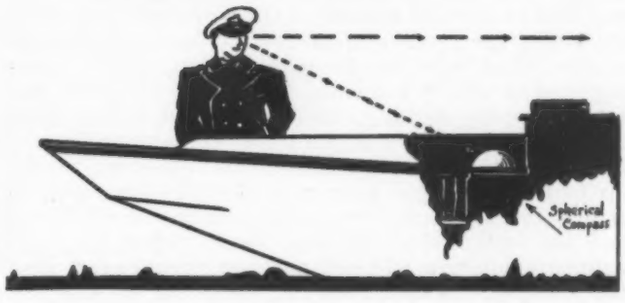


The sketch at the left (Figure 2) illustrates the incorrect placement of the compass, causing too great an angle between the horizon and the compass. The sketch below (Figure 3) shows a proper installation in a sail boat



Rookies about to start a race at Marion. An elder brother grabbed the grief-stricken youngster's boat

Break 'Em In Early

"Belay my topsail halliards, put the helm hard alee,
And greet the youngest skipper that ever sailed the sea."

By WILLIAM UPHAM SWAN

SOME ten years ago a trio of famous yachtsmen challenged three pairs of youngsters, none of them of over twelve years, to a race off Marblehead in six square-sided catboats which the boys and girls had been racing all summer, but which the older skippers had never sailed. One pair of boys led from start to finish, with a couple of girls close astern, but the oldest yachtsman in New England, who had owned and sailed over fifty racing craft, was a poor third, a future Secretary of the Navy got his boat in irons and struggled in fifth, while the then commodore of the Eastern Yacht Club lost his rudder and failed to finish.

While the discomfiture of the veterans, Charles H. W. Foster, Charles Francis Adams, and Herbert M. Sears, was due in part, of course, to their unfamiliarity with the boats, the result emphasizes the fact that the age range of those who play the game of competitive yachting is an unusually wide one. In fact, the minimum has been dropping steadily, until, this year, it has been completely eliminated in the junior championship, and may go by the board in the women's title event which, up to this time, has been a matter of from eight to eighty. It looks, however, as if the irreducible minimum had been reached at Marion, Mass., where they are sending youngsters of less than seven years to sea, with one four-year-old sailing his own boat with the ease and confidence, although perhaps not with the ability, of a veteran.

For some years Henry R. Shepley, Chairman of the Race Committee of the Beverly Yacht Club of Marion, has been gradually evolving a theory that, given a boat small enough and light enough to be completely under their control, children would learn to sail as readily and naturally as they would learn to walk or swim. He also reached the conclusion that with the difficulty and apprehension incident to the operation of a larger craft removed, the youngsters would use a small boat not only as a plaything, but as a means of transportation. How successful has been the application of these theories may be judged by the tale of the Rookie sailing at Marion the past two seasons.

The boat which Mr. Shepley gave his infant school was an eight-foot flat-bottomed cat, with a leg-o-mutton sail on iron rings that could be readily dropped. The first dozen cost twenty-five dollars each, but the price has since been advanced to forty-five.

No group of yacht owners was ever quite so proud as the possessors of these original Rookies, as they were soon called, and after trying them out close to the beach, partly with sail and partly with oars, all hands clamored for something more adventurous. Following the precedent of the New York Yacht Club which, eighty-nine years ago, held a cruise before starting the racing game, the Rookie sailors were given a quarter of a mile

traverse across the cove to Meadow Island. There was some bumping, and of course a whirlwind of sideboard coaching, but eventually the fleet reached shore and beached its boats. For some minutes the air was full of shrill yarns as to how the voyage had been accomplished.

With the breeze astern, the squadron run had been fairly simple, but getting back was another matter. Two or three finally reached home unaided, but others were not so fortunate, most of the fleet drifting aimlessly about with sails flapping, and some of the skippers in tears. Tow lines came to the rescue and did most of the work. Four of the nine original Rookies were seven, and only one was ten years of age. After a week's practice, another cruise was made to Meadow Island, and this time all hands made the trip to the island and back without assistance.

As regattas are held every day in the week at Marion, the youngsters naturally demanded one of their own, and the Sunday morning affair inside of Meadow Island has been a fixture ever since. Prize pennants of blue, red and white flutter all day from many a sweater, with some winners so proud of their decorations that they insist upon wearing them to bed. One young miss, who had failed in the racing game, was given a special prize because of her proficiency in handling a capsized boat, the upturned bottom of which she was able to gain almost without wetting her feet. Incidentally, the Meadow Island Yacht Club has been a going concern for nearly two years.

There has always been a question as to the proper type of boat in which to send the boys and girls to sea, some authorities maintaining that no juvenile should be allowed in a capsizable craft, certainly not without a life belt. At Marion they learn to swim almost as soon as they are out of their swaddling clothes and parents have so overcome their fears of disaster that they allow their offspring to skip around the harbor in a Rookie without hindrance. The result is that these youngsters have acquired a self reliance that will be a sheet anchor to windward for weathering storms of future passages.

With the most expert yachtsmen in the country still floundering over the interpretation and application of the 109 different yacht racing rules, it was not to be supposed that the Marion boys and girls would be able to absorb such a multiplicity of regulations, so three simple provisions were formulated. These are as follows:

1. When two boats going in different directions collide, the helmsman sitting on the right hand side of the yacht, with the boom on the left side, may push the other boat backward without interference.

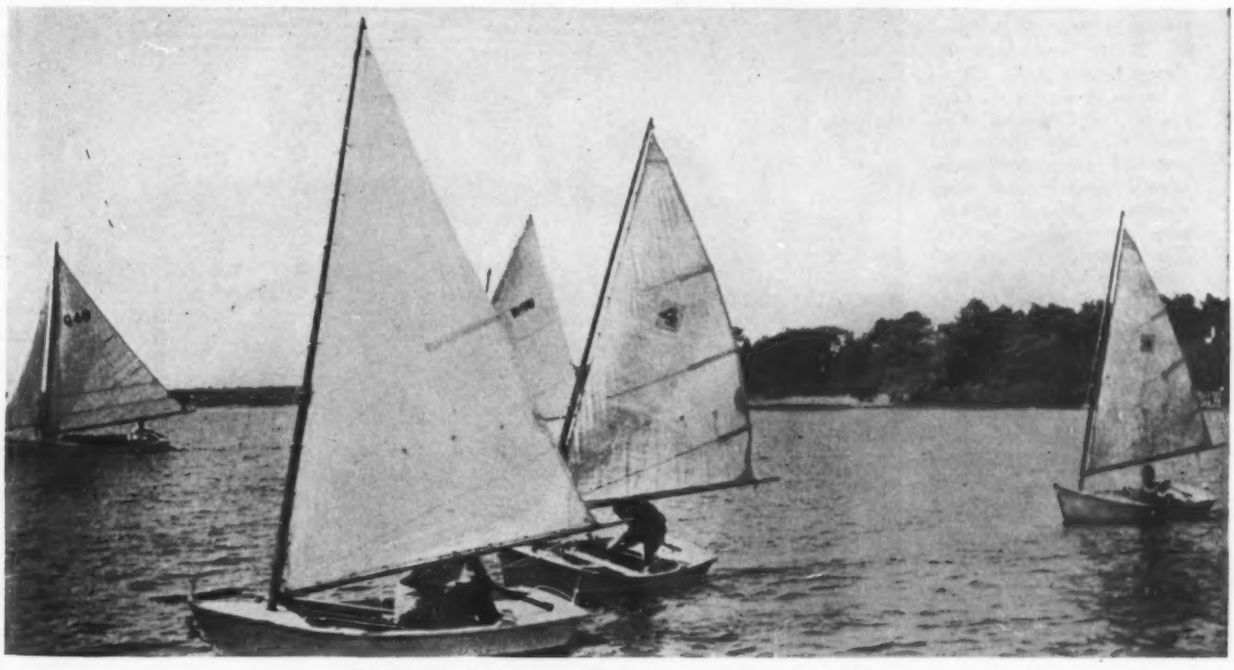
2. When two boats going in the same direction come together, either helmsman may grasp the other yacht's boom and push it backward, but may not touch any other part of the boat.

3. If any boat touches a mark while rounding, it shall have the right to go back and round the buoy again.

Compelling a boat fouling a mark to retire completely from the contest has always seemed to many yachtsmen too drastic a penalty, and the feeling is that the offending skipper should have a chance of returning, provided he allows the rest of the class to precede him.

While the average age of the Rookie sailors at Marion is a trifle over seven years, much younger boys and girls have been sailing the boats, although not actually taking part in the racing.

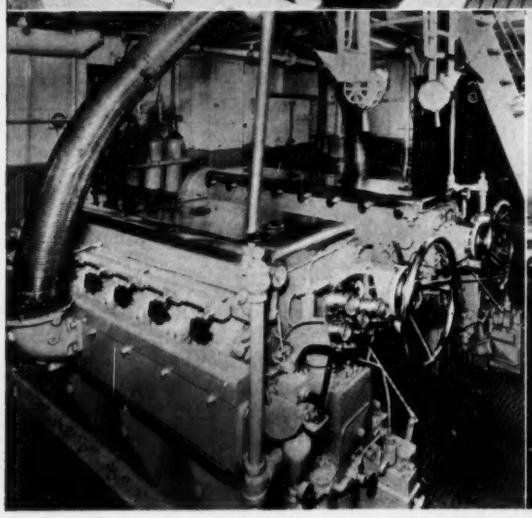
So far as is known, Hugh Shepley, at four years of age, is the youngest skipper in New England, if not in the country, to hold the tiller of his own boat and meet Old Ocean entirely alone, without even a life belt. This seems almost incredible, but we have a photograph to prove it. This shows a mariner of confidence and ability, and one that Frank Stockton would have dubbed a discourager of hesitancy in yachting among the very young. This organization at Marion provides an excellent model for other clubs which are planning an early and thorough education for coming skippers.

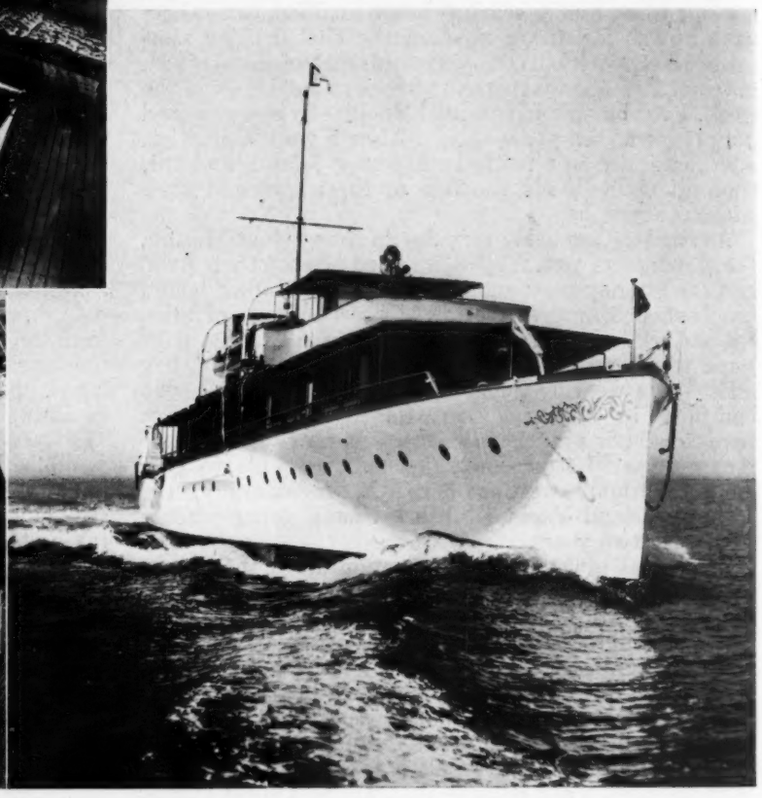


Rookies ready for action. The boats are eight feet in length

"Victoria Mary"

A 135-Foot Diesel Cruiser





"Victoria Mary," designed by Purdy and built by George Lawley & Son Corp., is owned by George W. Codrington, of Cleveland. With long sweeping sheer and powerful bow, her handsomely proportioned lines combine a graceful appearance with seagoing ability. The interior decorations, both above and below decks, have been carried out with conservative good taste and are suggestive of homelike comfort. A living room, with cheery fireplace, and dining room occupy the deckhouses, and an owner's commodious stateroom and bath, as well as guest quarters, are located below, abaft the engine room. "Victoria Mary" was recently repowered with a pair of the new all-steel 500 h.p. Winton-Diesel engines which increased her speed one-third

Copyright, A. J. Villiers

The bark "Parma" reached Falmouth Bay 83 days out from Port Victoria, Australia

A Fast Passage in the "Parma"

The Four-Masted Bark Completes Another Passage from Australia to England

WE HAD a grand passage* this time — the best ever made in sail from Australia by a vessel loaded down to her marks. Of course the clippers did better, but they had general cargo and gold, or passengers, or wool, and were never to their marks. That makes an almighty big difference. We were 83 days for 16,000 miles, from anchorage off Port Victoria to Falmouth Bay, and only 79 days from departure to landfall — Kangaroo Island to Bishop Rock, on the Scillies. Of course we had luck, but there are lots of skippers that good luck would be wasted on and lots of ships as well. It is only when you get an extraordinary combination of good skipper, good ship, and good luck that you can make such a passage. Ruben de Cloux knows his stuff, as the seafaring fraternity has known for some time. It is a curious thing that after he left the *Herzogin Cecilie* and the *Lawhill*, their performances fell off tremendously.

Well, to begin a seafaring epistle at the beginning, we left Port Victoria at 8.30 on the morning of March 1st with a lousy head wind — light, too — that would have kept anyone but a de Cloux still anchored. We were the whole of the first day making ten miles, beating around, and the second day did little better. The Old Man figured we'd be two years getting home at that rate, but once outside Spencer Gulf we began to make up for lost time. Anyway all the others had sailed long before we did so we gave ourselves no chance at all. We'd been lucky last year; we never guessed we could do it twice — especially with the crack German schoolship *Priwall* in, the *Herzogin Cecilie* anxious to wipe out old scores against her, the *Pamir* grimly determined not to be beaten again, and old Erikson with his fifteen ships against us. However . . . if we had a chance we would show them.

We *did* get the chance, and Captain de Cloux used it to the very uttermost. He drove that old ship to the Horn in thirty days (28 from Kangaroo Island), and drove and coaxed her from the Horn to the Line in 26 days, and nursed and pushed and cajoled and enticed her from the Line home in another 27. So that was that: but we had some grand sailing! No records broken (I mean for days' runs); no twenty knots; no 420 miles in a day or anything like that. A great ship 328 feet long carrying 5,200 tons of wheat on a sail area of 32,000 square feet isn't going to make a better speed than a shade under thirteen. When she got up to 50 miles a watch she wouldn't do any better no matter what happened, and after that it was just a matter of keeping sail on her sufficient to keep her up to this maximum speed. Her best day was about 265, but that of course is from noon to noon — about 23 hours and fifteen minutes. But it isn't best days that make passages; it is *average* speed. We averaged 220 a day from Kangaroo Island to the Horn, and darn near eight knots for the whole passage.

We didn't have good luck only. We had bad as well — easterly stuff on the way to the Horn, that drove us back; then calm between Staten Island and the Falklands and a northeaster that drove us in along the Patagonian coast; and then a miserable southeast trade that had influenza or something and got so weak at night it couldn't blow (and was mostly from N. of E. anyway); and five days on the Line; and a northeast trade that gave us a best day of only 204 miles and seemed likely to peter out continually in calms. But it always started again, thank heaven. It was strong northwesterly stuff for a week from the Falklands to 30 S. that gave us a show, and then again we were lucky with the northern horse latitudes. We came up from 30 N. to the Azores in five days and were only six days from the Azores home.

We didn't lose a sail. We didn't have an incident ex-

(*Continued on page 78*)

*NOTE: *This letter, received from Alan Villiers upon the arrival of the four-masted bark "Parma" in England, tells the story of the 16,000-mile passage of that ship, loaded with grain, from Australia to England.*

Oh, For the Life of an Inspector!

By

CHARLES F. McKIVERGAN

"EVERYTHING'S O. K.," said the inspector as he signaled the operator of the inspection boat to come alongside and take him off. A moment later he was on his way downstream in pursuit of a small speed boat whose operator apparently imagined himself a second, and doubtless better, Gar Wood. No sooner was the officer beyond hearing distance than most of my fellow passengers burst into comment.

"Pretty soft for the inspector," was the verdict of one passenger. "Just riding around all day like that."

"I'd certainly like to trade places with him," exclaimed somebody else.

"Yes, and he gets paid for doing it, too," volunteered a third.

As for me, I said nothing. Experience as a Federal motor boat inspector extending over a period of five years had taught me the futility of attempting to convince most boat owners that the inspector's job is by no means a sinecure. On the contrary, to be a motor boat inspector — or, at least, a successful one — requires capabilities and qualities that perhaps rival those demanded of, say, a naval or army officer. Willingness and sufficient vigor to spend day after day leaping from one boat to another under all sorts of conditions and in all kinds of weather, including, sometimes, dangerously choppy seas and frequently a scorchingly hot sun, are not the only requisites of a good inspector. In addition, he must possess tact, honesty and courage, as well as an extraordinary amount of marine and legal knowledge and, for good measure, a sense of humor several miles wide.

Perhaps the chief source of annoyance to any inspector is the boat owner with a lame excuse. After hearing, in perhaps half a dozen languages, and with countless embellishments, every possible sort of excuse that the ingenuity of man succeeds in inventing under stress of circumstances, an inspector can almost always anticipate what the explaining boat owner is going to say next.

Occasionally, of course, an offending boat owner produces an excuse that is wholly original. But since the inspector's job is to report violations against the Federal motor boat laws and not to act upon them, even explanations which have the merit of originality are of no avail. But they do serve to brighten what is often an otherwise tiresome day and make the inspector wish that at least in these instances he were empowered to dismiss the charges, if not also to bestow a decoration of some sort upon the offender.

Perhaps even rarer than the boat owner with an original excuse is the violator who offers none at all. Whenever I met with one of these unique personages I invariably experienced a tremendous urge to nominate him for the hall of fame. At the very least, I wanted to give him my boat as a slight token of my appreciation of his silence, and undoubtedly I should have done so on several particularly inspiring occasions had there been the slightest possibility of my procuring another.

As a result of my experiences in boarding and inspecting thousands of motor boats, my belief is that less than ten per cent of all violations are chargeable to ignorance. I recall fewer than a dozen violators who, in my opinion, were really ignorant of the existence of the laws in question. Perhaps several times as many persons, while cognizant of the existence and enforcement of Federal regulations, were, I believe, detected while unknowingly violating a regulation which had escaped their attention.

In the past, probably the commonest offender of this latter type has been the owner of an outboard motor boat measuring sixteen feet or less in length. All such craft were excused from compliance with the Federal registration requirements. In not a few instances, I believe, owners of these boats innocently made the error of assuming that their craft were exempt from compliance with the Federal equipment requirements as well. Recently a change was made in the interpretation of the registration regulations so that now only *bona fide* rowboats and canoes sixteen feet or less in length, temporarily equipped with an outboard motor, are exempt from the registration requirements. Until this change has become known to all boat owners, it is to be expected that some owners of craft sixteen feet or less in length which are *expressly designed* for propulsion by an outboard motor will be found operating their boats without first procuring from the collector of customs the necessary identification number.

Carelessness and willingness to "take a chance" account, in my opinion, for about 85 per cent of the violations. The boat owner is fully aware in these cases that perhaps his fire extinguisher is empty or that his craft is provided with fewer life-saving devices than she is required to carry. But, eager to get started on the day's outing, or possibly because he is too lazy at the moment to procure the missing equipment, the owner decides to "take a chance" and risk meeting an inspector. Without doubt, in dozens of such instances, the boat owner's dereliction results in neither discovery nor mishap. In the long run, however, it is safe to say that those who habitually disregard the requirements of the law meet with eventual detection.

The remaining five per cent of detected violations are due, I believe, to misfortune and bad luck. Fog horns *do* succumb to rust, fire extinguishers *do* become corroded and life preservers *do* rot. Undeniably, these processes sometimes reach the fatal stage at such a time as to result in an inspector's being the first person to detect the fact. It is principally to furnish warranted relief from penalty to these unlucky boat owners, as well as to those whose violations are unquestionably attributable to ignorance of the requirements, that offenders are permitted to submit sworn affidavits setting forth any legitimate reason why an incurred statutory penalty should be remitted, or at least reduced to a nominal amount. That some violators take advantage of this privilege and submit false statements is, of course, well known. But the enforcement authorities quite evidently prefer to have this happen occasionally rather than deny unintentional and unfortunate offenders an opportunity to explain their cases to the Secretary of Commerce.

As to which boats are inspected at any particular time is a matter largely of chance. Especially is this true in crowded boating centers where it is possible for an inspector to board only a portion of the craft in operation. It is only natural that an inspector should board a boat that is entirely new to him rather than one which he recalls inspecting only recently. Likewise, a decrepit,

"Fog horns do succumb to rust, fire extinguishers do become corroded and life preservers do rot"

obviously overcrowded craft, operated perhaps in a reckless manner, will attract his attention away from a boat that appears fully seaworthy and in the hands of a careful operator.

Quite often the inspector is guided to a particular boat by a "hunch" that sometimes proves good. More frequently, however, the deciding factor is his recollection of what he found on the occasion of previous inspection. So perhaps the best insurance against being hailed too frequently by an inspector is to keep papers and equipment not only in good condition but also in definite, logical places aboard ship. Unconsciously, perhaps, the inspector will be impressed by your state of preparedness and so be unlikely to board your boat unnecessarily.

I have always been interested in the rapidity and completeness with which many conscious offenders betray themselves. They do so either by a display of mock courtesy or by a show of unwarranted resentment at the appearance of the inspector. Indeed, so distrustful did I become of these types of behavior that their manifestation immediately made me certain that the regulations were being violated — a suspicion which often proved correct. Discovery of the offense usually brought an interesting transition of manner. The overly cordial person frequently became abusive, and, conversely, the person of belligerent attitude assumed a lamb-like meekness.

Another type of owner, of no credit to his fellows, is the violator who seeks revenge by making false accusations against the inspector who reports him. While the proportion of these unfair individuals is exceedingly small, I recall being the victim of several — in earlier years to my distress, and, in later years, to my amusement. In most instances, I was accused either of delaying a vessel for an unnecessary length of time or of incivility.

In an attempt to hoodwink the inspector, many violators resort to ruses. Filling the fire extinguisher with water has long since ceased to be profitable. Similarly, the boat owner who first conceived the idea of dropping and "accidentally" stepping on an already useless whistle just as he was about to hand it to the inspector has had many imitators. And need I say that I recall detecting very few worthless fog horns that had not been sounded "why, not more than five minutes ago, inspector"?

Perhaps the only attempt to deceive which I found amusing occurred on a 40-foot vessel which I once boarded as she lay tied to a marine outfitter's float. Her owner was alone on the boat. Everything required proved to be present and in good condition, except that the fog horn was missing. After a fruitless search, the owner turned to me. "Say, inspector," he said. "My wife's always hiding things on this boat and I think she knows just where that horn is. If you don't mind, I'd like to go and ask her. She's up on shore a bit."

"Sure, go ahead," I answered. "While you're gone, I'll sit here in the cabin and enjoy myself." Unfortunately for the man, I chose a seat from which I could observe what transpired. Hastening up the gangplank, he hurried into the outfitter's store. Hastily, he explained his predicament to the proprietor. Just as rapidly the latter removed a new fog horn from a display case and handed it to the man. Placing the horn in his hip pocket and covering it with his sweater as best he could, the boat owner did an about face and scurried back to the cabin. Taking obvious care to keep himself between the fog horn and me, he explained: "I'm sorry, inspector, I couldn't find my wife, but I'm sure that horn's aboard somewhere. Mind if I make another search?"

"Not at all," I said. "Go to it and, while you're looking in here, I'll search out on deck."

Scarcely had I reached the deck when, as I anticipated, the man came running after me, exclaiming: "Look, inspector, I found the horn. It was under a cushion all the time."

I decided to let the boat owner temporarily enjoy his conviction that he had extricated himself from a precarious situation. Later, when I was taking my departure, I remarked casually: "By the way, shall I tell our friend that you'll be up to pay him for the fog horn before casting off?" Glancing back, I saw the man's face wreathed with an appreciative grin.

Whether the boat owner realized it or not, under the circumstances, his failure to produce a fog horn did not constitute an infringement. Only motor boats in actual navigation are required to have the prescribed equipment on board. Hence, tied to a landing as she was, the craft would have been liable to no penalty had she carried no equipment at the time. The channel at that point was exceptionally narrow and the current unusually swift. Assuming that I would find the boat fully equipped, as carefully kept records show nine out of every ten motor boats to be, I had elected to inspect the vessel while she was tied to the float in order to avoid boarding her later in mid-stream.

Do inspectors employ disguises and hide behind wharves and other places of concealment? Absurd questions, of course. Yet I have often been entertained with stories of officers who were popularly supposed to have indulged in such practices. The regulations are enforced wholly without cost to the majority of boat owners, and, more often than not, violators have their penalties remitted or greatly reduced in amount. This being so, why should dramatic methods be employed to compel boat owners to observe laws enacted entirely for their own welfare?

Not a few owners have expressed the conviction in my presence that the rich or influential violator is treated with special leniency. In response to this contention I can only cite from my own experience. Among the hundreds of boat owners whom I had occasion to report for prosecution have been persons holding high office as well as persons of great wealth. In the handling of these cases by the authorities I have found no justification for the claim that partiality is shown.

How about bribery? Do many violators attempt to influence the inspector from discharging his sworn duty? It has been my experience that very few do. The bribe that is usually offered takes the form of cigars or refreshments of some sort rather than that of money. To my amusement, the largest monetary bribe offered me was tendered by a boat owner who only *thought* he was violating the motor boat regulations. The craft was a 25-foot auxiliary and her owner had erroneously assumed that she was required to carry, among other things, a whistle, fog horn and bell. I had boarded the vessel when she was underway. Having been shown the papers, which were in good order, I said: "Now suppose we look at the whistle next."

"Here's the whistle," replied the owner, handing me the device. "But I haven't any fog horn. Here, have a smoke instead," he added before I could interrupt. Loosely encircling the cigar that he held out to me was a ten-dollar bill that appeared mysteriously from a vest pocket! After completing the inspection, I measured the boat. Finding her to be exactly twenty-five feet in length, I explained that she was not required to carry a fog horn or, for that matter, a bell. Needless to say, the owner was completely chagrined.

Earlier in this article I included among the requisites of a good inspector the quality of courage. The period of rum-running made this quality a necessity. In the course of my work, I met some rum-runners who, aside from the fact that they were law-breakers, aroused my admiration in many ways. Most of those engaged in the business, however, I found to be wholly without respect for either the rights of others or for law. Hence, in dealing with them, one had to employ self-restraint and caution. In many cases, though a boat was known to be a rum-runner, the charge was not one that could be easily proved, and in the absence of proof the crews of these vessels were quick to resent the slightest insinuation that they were engaged in an illegal enterprise.

The experience with rum-runners that I remember best took place near an Atlantic Coast summer resort. In this particular locality there were at the time about a hundred motor boats. To the best of my knowledge, I had inspected all of them, with one exception. She was a notorious rum-runner which I never seemed able to discover underway. Just when I had practically abandoned hope of inspecting her on this particular visit I learned that she was to stop that evening at a certain isolated wharf to take on gasoline before setting out for the night's rendezvous, some 20 miles distant. I decided to be on the dock when she arrived, a decision due to a desire to make my inspection record for the vicinity complete and not to any special concern about the rum-runner's welfare or that of her crew.

With the arrival of darkness, I made my way to the designated wharf and began my vigil. Running lights that proved to be those of the vessel I was awaiting suddenly popped into view, and within a few minutes she was alongside the pier and her lines made fast. Then several members of her crew scurried over the side of the boat onto the dock, headed for the shed where the gasoline had been cached. At that moment I came out from my place of concealment and advanced toward the boat, a movement that speedily resulted in my being surrounded by the men on the wharf. Exhibiting my badge as well as I could in the meager illumination furnished by the craft's running lights, I identified myself and announced my intention of boarding the vessel.

Before the men surrounding me could react to my statements, an authoritative voice sounded from the boat: "Let him come aboard." Without delay, I did so, followed by my self-appointed bodyguard. Examination of the ship's papers and equipment resulted in my finding everything required by law and in satisfactory condition. Stating that to be the case, I clambered down off the boat onto the dock, followed by several members of the crew. At this point, one of the rum-runners asked: "What's the big idea of inspecting us here?"

Carelessly I answered without thinking: "Maybe I wanted to be sure nothing happened to you over at —— tonight." Instantly, it seemed, I was hemmed in by practically the entire crew.

Looking down at me, the leader, a huge mountain of a man, asked: "Can you swim, buddy?" "Speaking wise, eh?" said somebody else. Still another said: "Why not bring him along?"

Realizing that a slip of the tongue had put me in a precarious situation that was made even more so by the darkness and isolation of the wharf, I hastened to reply with an attempt at bravado I did not feel: "You don't suppose I'd be on this dock alone, do you?" Before the group could decide just how to interpret my remark, I pushed my way through the circle and, with all the nonchalance I could muster, walked along the dock and over to the adjacent, well-lighted street.

In the territory under my jurisdiction there were many clubs in whose vicinity I was compelled to do much of my inspection work. Invariably I found the officers and members of these clubs not only observant of the regulations but hospitable to a high degree. In

(*Continued on page 78*)

The intercollegiate series this year was sailed in fluky winds. The two boats in the foreground are those sailed by the winning Dartmouth crews

The Intercollegiate Series

By WILLIAM H. TAYLOR

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, perched upon a New Hampshire hillside a couple of hundred miles from salt water, is this year's intercollegiate sailing champion by virtue of the consistently good work of a couple of crews in a series of five races sailed under Long Island Sound's flukiest conditions. Commanded respectively by Jack O'Dell and Phil Farnum, the Dartmouth crews piled up a point total of 74¼ against 55 for the second college, Williams, and lesser totals for the three other entries, Harvard, Princeton and Yale, with 54, 49 and 44 points, respectively.

After a fourth in the first race O'Dell, sailing *Carolina*, with Jack Gordon and Frank Hekma as crew, took two seconds, a first and another second. Farnum, sailing *Shadow*, with Philip Whitbeck and Ted O'Key on the sheets, took a second and a third in the first two races and varied from fifth to eighth in the other three, adding considerably to the Dartmouth total.

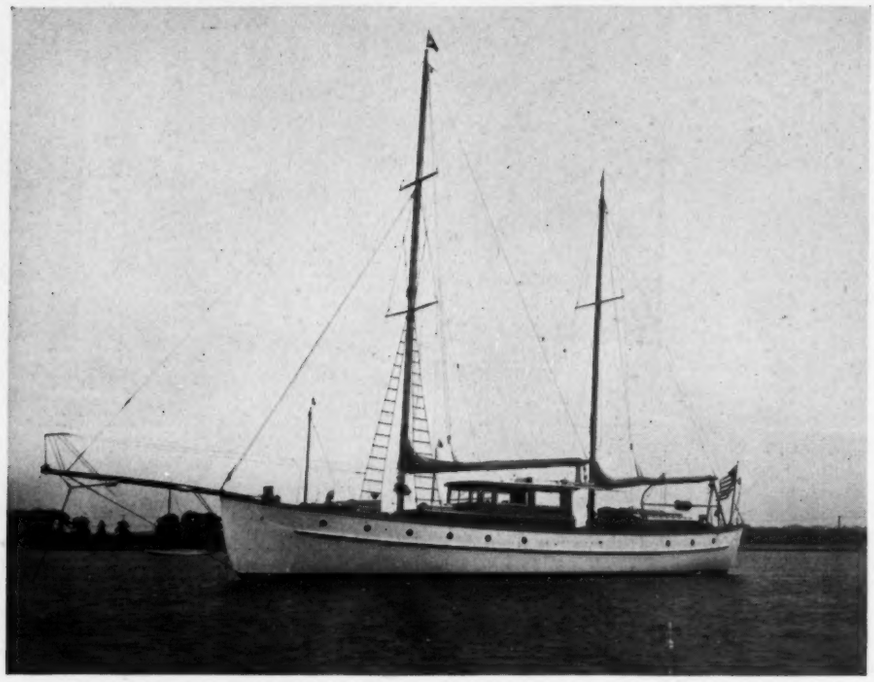
The individual star crew of the series, however, was neither of these, but a Williams crew consisting of Norman J. Gaynor, skipper, M. S. Blake and R. M. Potter. Sailing *Margot*, in which John Fields, of Black Rock, last year won the Sound Junior Championship, they won four

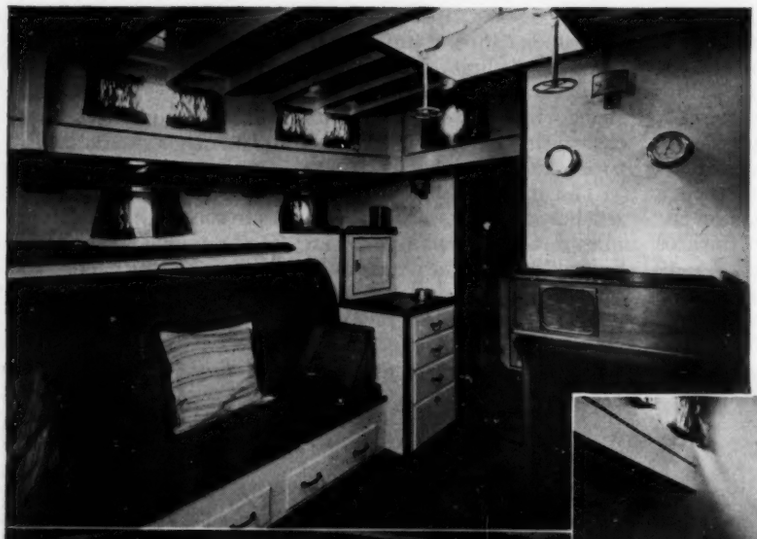
(*Continued on page 82*)

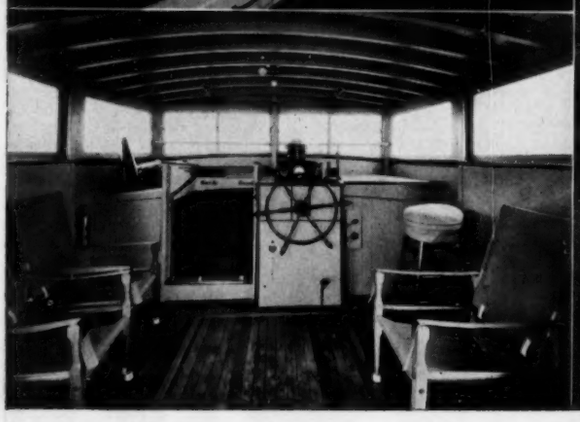
Crews of the five colleges represented at Larchmont in this annual series

Seaf Camera News Photos

"Seal"—A Handsome and Able 63-Footer

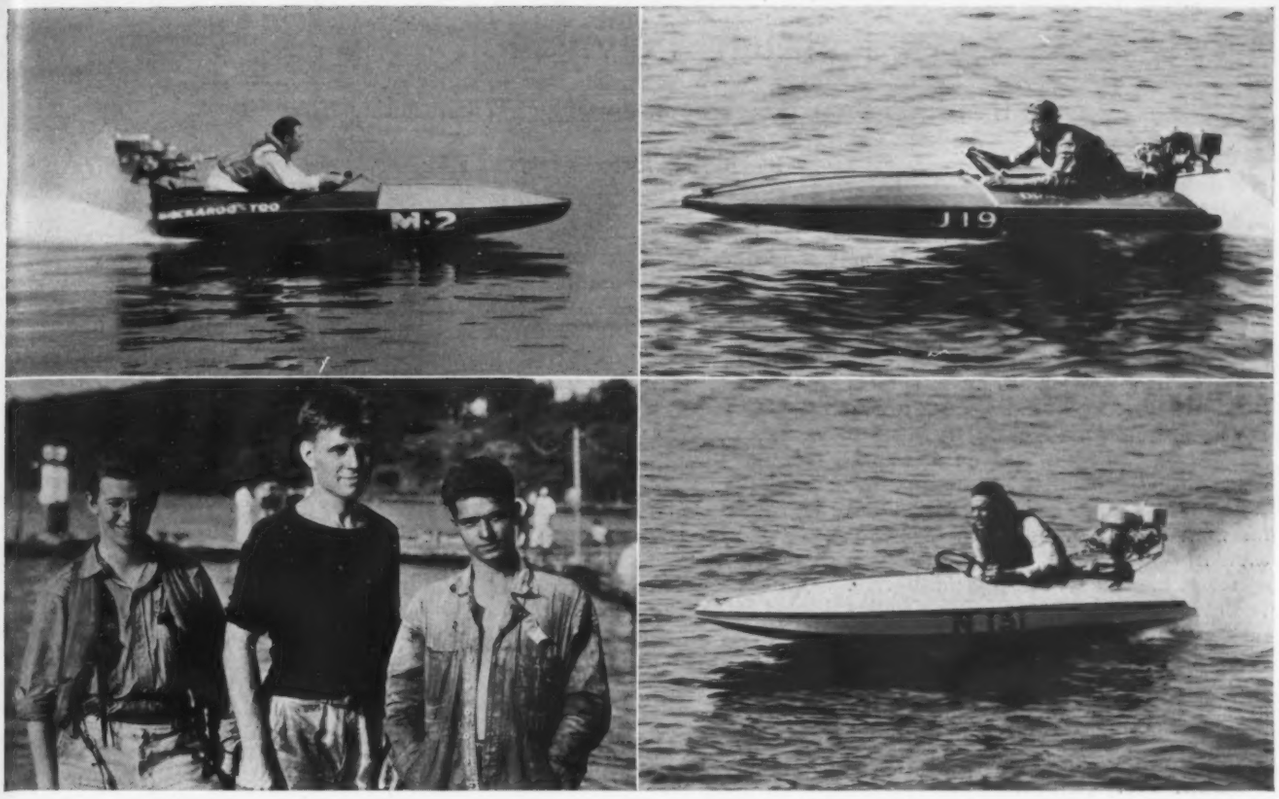






"Seal," another addition to the motor-sailer fleet, is from the board of William H. Hand who built her for his own use. She represents the last word in the development of this increasingly popular type of yacht, being the outgrouth of her designer's long and successful experience in pioneering the motor-sailer. Her powerful and well-proportioned lines give her the stamp of seaworthiness, and the modern ketch rig adds to her trim appearance. The spacious hull permits of commodious living accommodations. A Hall-Scott engine provides the power

Photos by M. Rosenfeld



The Rutgers team, winners of the Intercollegiate Outboard Championship. Left to right, Samuel Crooks, Carl Schwenker, L. Jacobson. Top, James Nunnelley, Michigan, swept the Class B heats

Joel Thorne, Iona Prep School, individual high point winner in Interscholastic Championships. Top, Samuel Crooks, Rutgers, won the Patterson high point trophy in the Intercollegiates

Rutgers is Intercollegiate Champion

By EVERETT B. MORRIS

THE huge gold cup emblematic of team honors in the Eastern Intercollegiate Outboard Association championship competition, the Commodore E. H. Patterson award for individual achievement, and an impressive array of minor trophies will spend the next twelve months on the banks of the old Raritan as visual evidence of the racing prowess of the Rutgers University team, Samuel Crooks, Leonard Jacobson and Carl Schwenker, in the fourth annual title regatta of the E.I.O.A. at Lake Hopatcong, N. J., late in June.

Rutgers won its first leg on the Kane Trophy with a team score of 5,435 points, nearly double that of the runner-up, Yale, the defending champion. Crooks succeeded Roger S. Firestone, of Princeton, as holder of the Patterson high point prize. The Rutgers captain scored 3,619 points in the process of winning the Class C title, finishing third in Class A and second in Class F. The efforts of Crooks and Schwenker gave Rutgers the Class A team cup, and the Scarlet won similar laurels in Class C through Crooks and Jacobson.

Michigan, Yale, and Columbia were the other collegiate contenders to figure in the major trophy distribution after two days of fiery competition on wind-swept, runabout-churned water. Randall Keator, of Columbia, consistently fast in all three heats, won the Class A title; Jim Nunneley's sweep of the Class B heats gave him the individual award and Michigan the team prize, and Yale retained the Class F trophy through the performances of Chester Wickwire, first place winner, and his team-mate, burly Gordon Williams.

Fifty-three entrants, representing 15 colleges and 25 high and preparatory schools, formed a record entry for E.I.O.A. competition and established something of a high-water mark for strictly amateur racing in American outboard annals. The drivers came from Atlantic seaboard states, from New Hampshire to the District of Columbia, from Michigan in the Midwest, and even from Canada. McGill University, of Montreal, was represented for the first time, and young Lynn Watters came back again to run for his school, Lower Canada Junior College, in the populous interscholastic section of the regatta.

The schoolboys, competing in a separate division for individual titles in four classes, furnished competition every bit as fast and colorful as that of their elders. The struggle for the Lambda Chi Alpha Cup, for high point score in the interscholastic events, resulted in a tussle of unparalleled closeness. Joel Thorne, of Iona Prep, in New Rochelle, N. Y., piled up 2,250 points by winning both the Class C and Class F races and took the fraternity's prize by a margin of one point from Lewis G. Carlisle, of Pomfret School, Pomfret, Conn. Jack Van Deman, of Red Bank, N. J., High School, was

(Continued on page 88)

Night Navigation

It Is Easier to Locate One's Position at Night Than During Daylight

By JOHN T. ROWLAND

AILING at night has a fascination of its own. The most prosaic coastline looks mysterious, and the water, be it bay, sound or "Ocean's broad plain," appears to stretch into an obscure infinity beyond man's ken. The vessel, too, seems more in tune with the elemental forces that surround her. Her lift and swoop have a rhythm often quite lacking under the noonday sun, and she appears to rush at headlong speed through hissing seas. So marked is this that a man blessed with Celtic touch may tell you that "something in the air" makes his boat run faster at night *even though the log fails to show it.*

There is a picture in my mind . . . looking aft from the bridge of a destroyer. Funnels leaning at forty-five degrees and the waist a maelstrom. A swath of phosphorescence bathing the ship's run and rising like a plume against the blackness astern. A roar of wind and a rush of spray . . . seas cleft in twain . . . a flight like that of a comet through the night. Twenty-five knots? Ridiculous! It seemed sixty, at least.

To the novice, all this, while thrilling, is apt also to be a shade confusing. The unfamiliarity, the narrowing of one's visual horizon and the appearance of great speed conspire between them to make a snug harbor welcome when the shades of night close in. And yet any experienced man will tell you that it is far easier to find one's way along a well lighted coast at night than in the light of day. The more tortuous the channels the truer is this fact, particularly where the land is low and featureless and obscured by the usual summer haze.

Even with no lights or buoys whatever and no local knowledge other than that gleaned from sometimes inaccurate sailing directions and charts, it is astonishing how one can get along on a strange coast at night. It almost seems, at times, as though man had the ability to develop a sixth sense. I know men whose experience far outranks mine who believe that, and I am not such a fool as to scoff at their ideas. Yet, for my own part, I think that in the majority of cases what gives one the feeling of a sixth sense is the arrival in consciousness of a synthesis of impressions and observations made by the unconscious. It follows naturally that your experienced sailor will form these impressions more accurately and combine them more swiftly, so that his only sensation is that of the *knowledge* which enters his conscious mind as the result. Of the process by which it has been arrived at he is unaware.

I have been piloted by an old Eskimo to a safe harbor through a pitch black night on a boat different from any he had ever seen and of whose speed he could have formed only an approximate idea. He never looked at the compass and probably would not have known what it was meant to indicate, yet he knew the precise moment to make each turn, and how much; and when at last he told me to stop and let go the anchor there was nothing whatever visible to my ordinarily satisfactory eyes. But daylight showed us lying in the middle of a small, landlocked harbor. How did he do it? Was it a sixth sense or an unusual keenness of the recognized five? I have no answer.

At all events, this is scarcely the place to consider supernormal phenomena; we have quite job enough to make clear the normal. (Which is not intended as a "knock" at the reader.) The art of night sailing is based upon two quite simple facts. The first is that lights are easily recognized, because of their distinguishing characteristics, and the second is that a light represents as nearly as possible the geometrical concept of a point in space. Thus, there can be no excuse for mistaking either the *identity* of a light or its *bearing*. In the daytime, on the other hand, one island or headland or hill often looks much like another and it is sometimes difficult to be sure of its true form. But a light stabs through the darkness with certainty and eliminates all confusing elements from the picture. No wonder that many a navigator prefers to approach an unknown coast at night.

One of the best examples of this I ever saw occurred a few summers ago when several of us who had been raised on Long Island Sound were homeward bound from a cruise to Nova Scotia. We entered the Sound in a heavy fog and took our departure from the horn on Race Rock. We eased along under sail and power at more or less variable speeds without troubling to keep very close account of the run. The wind hauled from southeast to south and the fog changed by imperceptible degrees into a summer haze that remained sufficiently dense so that we could not see the land on either side. I think smoke from forest fires on Long Island added to the effect. At all events, when we finally made out the Connecticut shore only a few miles away on our starboard hand, along about dusk, not one of us could recognize anything that we knew. As a matter of fact, we felt pretty sure that we must be somewhere off the Norwalk Islands, but, under the curious atmospheric conditions that prevailed, these merged into the mainland so as to be indistinguishable from it or, what added to our confusion, they looked rather like promontories than detached bits of land. One man insisted that we were off Fairfield Point, just west of Bridgeport, and another said that the shore looked like nothing he had ever seen. It was certainly an extraordinary illusion.

Just as soon, however, as lights became visible we picked up the red-and-white flashes of Green's Ledge on our starboard hand and saw Eaton's Neck piercing the gloom across the Sound, and knew at once precisely where we were. A little later we got Stamford's fixed red and then picked up the flashing buoy off the Clump, which led us into Greenwich harbor. Curiously enough, the quite powerful light on Great Captain's Island remained hidden until we were well up in harbor, behind it; which proves that a light *may* be obscured by a local bank of mist. Even so, the lights that we saw were far better marks than the coast itself had been. Had we not felt so much at home in those waters it might even have been the part of wisdom to heave to and wait for darkness before proceeding.

Lest the example just cited appear due to mere amateurishness I might mention the difficulty experienced by the captain and navigator of a certain destroyer on which I once served in recognizing, from a distance, that portion of the Irish coast in the vicinity of Queenstown. But let us once pick up the light on

Ballycottin or the Old Head of Kinsale and there was no longer any question as to our position. On one occasion, due to compass error after firing the guns, we fetched the coast fifty miles to the eastward, off Mine Head, and were quite lost until the lights came out.

Inasmuch as this is being written chiefly for the beginner, I shall be a little more specific as to how lights

Picking up the coast at night is easier than by daylight. The chief difficulty is that lights lack perspective, and give direction, but not distance

are distinguished, one from another. Time was when every light on the coast was a fixed white. Then someone conceived the idea of introducing a color screen and making some of the lights red. That was a help. Next came the clockwork mechanism with revolving lenses which could be so arranged as to give any desired combination of occulting or "group flashing" characteristics. Since the number of possible combinations is infinite, there is, at least in theory, no reason why any light should ever be mistaken for any other, provided one has a light list and a stop watch and uses both. But human beings will do stupid things. One night a few years ago I was coming up the Sound in an old sloop without any compass. I was heading for Middleground Light, out in the middle of the Sound, off Bridgeport, when a thunder storm descended with a torrent of rain. When we ran out of it I was pleased to note that we were still heading straight for a flashing white light. It never occurred to me to question its identity — until I almost ran ashore on the beach of Stratford Point. The Middleground was still hidden in the rain and I was steering for the Connecticut shore. Of course, this was principally my own fault, as I had not actually timed the interval between flashes, but the Lighthouse Service would have used better judgment, it seemed to me, not to have placed two lights with such like characteristics so near together. Were the Middleground Light given a red flash alternating with its white, such a mistake could not occur. Perhaps, in passing, I might add that it is not the world's easiest task to jockey a big sloop through a thunder squall single-handed and at the same time consult a light list and time the flashes of a light with a stop watch.

Speaking of light lists, I may as well be honest and confess that I never bother with one except when fitting out to "go foreign." This is because at an early age I formed the bad habit of getting light data from charts — usually old ones, at that. But as Bill Tilden once said when someone took him to task for drinking a pitcher of ice water between sets, "Do as I *say*, not as I do!" The list of lights published by the government is an official compendium which may be purchased for a small sum either direct from the Hydrographic Office or at any marine outfitter's or Customs House. It not only has the virtue of being correct, but of giving detailed and complete information concerning the characteristics of navigational marks. The descriptions of lights printed under them in cryptic abbreviations on the chart tell their *principal* characteristics — whether they are white or red, flashing, occulting or fixed — but do not, as a rule, give the intervals between flashes, or the duration. Sometimes they tell the range of visibility, but not always. To obtain all these data the only authoritative reference is the list. Just as a matter of common sense, you do not ordinarily need to know the period of a flashing white light if there is only one within a hundred miles, and yet I remember one instance in which that very need did arise. I was crossing the Gulf of St. Lawrence in a little auxiliary schooner bound for Labrador. We had dirty weather and ran almost 300 miles without seeing a thing. On the third night it cleared and in addition to the stars we beheld, to our amazement, a flashing white light far ahead on the port bow. By timing the flash with precision and combing the light list we finally identified it as the powerful light on the eastern end of Anticosti Island, *just 100 miles to the westward of where we should have been.* (Our compass had gone crazy during the passage.) Without that positive identification I would hardly have believed that we could be so far out.

Night running with a powerboat is, of course, vastly simpler than sailing, owing to the obvious fact that one can run courses. The great thing is actually to *know* how you are heading and to have a close approximation of your speed. Too many day sailors treat their compasses in the same way as they treat weather prognostications. As a matter of fact, the compass should be an instrument of precision. By this I do not mean that it need have no error, but that the skipper and navigator should

be conversant with its deviations clear around the card. If you are able to plot an accurate course and to make a close estimate of the distance run there is no reason why you should not pick up lights on schedule, as does a steamer. Some men prefer to tow a log, while others rely upon standardization; that is, knowing the ship's speed by actual trial over a measured course at different revolution speeds of the engine. Standardization is all right for large ships with unvarying draft — the Navy uses it entirely; it is up to the engine-room to "make" the speed ordered — but small craft bucking a head sea or loaded deep with stores for a cruise often show a decided and disappointing discrepancy from the standard. For such, it seems to me that a patent log which has been tested for error by towing over a measured course both with and against the tide (so as to obtain the average) offers the best means of checking the run.

Perhaps the one difficulty connected with night sailing is that a light lacks perspective. It offers direction but very little sense of distance. The result is that if one is running for a certain lighthouse or gas buoy and has in sight no other light by which to take a cross bearing, there is a possibility of running into danger by approaching the light too closely before one knows it. This is especially true where the light in question is on a point of land with shoals making off it. Of course, one ought, in the first place, to have set a course to clear the shoals. Still, there are currents that make it comforting to be able to check one's position while approaching the danger area.

The simplest way to do this is to observe by actual inspection of the chart how much one must keep the light open on one's bow in order to clear the danger when still a certain distance away (say five miles) and then never let one's stem come *within* that angle of the light — at least, not after one has approached to anything like the given distance, which condition should be roughly calculable by the run. This is playing it safe, and may carry you offshore in a sweeping curve a little further than is needed, but it will also contribute to your peace of mind. I merely mention it here as it is a variant of the well known "Danger Angle" which will be found discussed with diagrams in any standard work on piloting. Another and perhaps more satisfactory method, when it is possible to take bearings with considerable accuracy, is that known as the "Twenty-two-and-a-half Forty-five Method" or "Doubling the Angle on the Bow." The plane geometry back of this is a triangle having two equal sides and with angles of 22½, 22½ and 135 degrees, respectively. The distance of the light from you at the time of taking the second (45°) bearing will be equal to that run between the two bearings. Then, knowing the *bearing* and *distance* of the light, you can readily plot your position and determine whether the course you are steering will clear the area of danger. This is putting it pretty concisely, but the facts are all there and they will stick better if *you* draw the diagram and figure it out for yourself. It is nothing but plane geometry, after all.

Of course, the simplest of all is the good old bow-and-beam bearing, in which the distance of the light from you *when abeam* is equal to the distance run since it bore 45 degrees on the bow. This is just a special case of "Doubling the Angle," which is very useful in coasting to keep a check on your distance off the beach. Perhaps I should add that in all these cases of consecutive bearings it is assumed that the ship's head has remained constantly on the same course.

So far, we have dealt chiefly with the navigational aspects of night sailing, as these are the first which come to mind. There are, however, other factors to be considered. Many a prudent sailing ship skipper made a practice of furling his royals before dark. Even the powerboat man, with no canvas to fist, is likely to encounter a fierce thunder squall at an inopportune moment or, what is really a worse hazard, run into fog. Along our Atlantic Coast one can usually see a fog bank quite a distance off in the daytime, but at night there is no warning at all. Fog navigation calls for a technique all its own, since (unless one carries a radio direction finder) it depends very largely upon sound.

Now, the great error that most boatmen fall into when listening for a fog horn or bell is that they fondly imagine they can hear it while underway. This is all right on a large yacht where one has a bridge removed from all ship noises, but it is well nigh impossible on the ordinary powerboat. The sound of the motors may not seem loud to one accustomed to them, but it is quite sufficient to drown any fog signal more than half a mile away. Besides, there is the rush of water and more or less vibration of the hull. If you seriously contemplate listening for a horn you must not only stop the boat but put her on that course where she will roll and slam around the least, which is usually dead before the wind. Then get up out of the enclosed "bridge deck" and listen intently for at least five minutes before you give up. The reason for waiting is that sound waves may be temporarily deflected by the fog. The mere fact that a fog signal is not immediately audible does not prove that you are off your course.

At first blush, this may not seem to apply particularly to night running, since one has also to use one's ears in the daytime in the fog. There is, however, one quite vital difference. It is a pretty thick fog that one cannot see under for a few hundred feet in the light of day, but at night the visibility is zero. On a real pea soup night boats have been run slap up on a beach from which they might easily have sheered off in time had there been daylight. One friend of mine who was running along at half throttle, "listening" for the horn on Green's Ledge, made a three point landing on the big boulder off Sheffield Island that has a beacon sticking up over it, large as life. The point is that when you are running at night you must learn to overcome the perfectly natural tendency to rely partially upon sight. You are going blindfolded, and you should not depend upon anything except your hearing — *and the lead.* The lead and line, which repose all too consistently in most cruisers' bosun lockers, are to a powerboat what antennae are to an insect. The man who uses them with sufficient persistency will seldom find himself making a cross-country run. Of course, a great deal depends upon the nature of the particular coast — whether it is shoal and shelving, or deep and bold close up to the land — but, in any case, it can do no harm to drop the lead over each time you stop to listen for bell or horn. And do not hesitate to stop often enough.

I recall on one occasion sounding my way clear around the western end of Nova Scotia — and the exercise served to keep me warm. On that cruise we went into the fog at the end of Gloucester breakwater and did not come out of it until well up in Halifax harbor, three days later. We passed Brazil Rock close aboard (according to D.R.) without ever hearing a sound, but kept on working the lead for two hours to make sure the danger was past. The fog gun on Sambro at last welcomed us with its boom, but even then we could not be certain of its direction and sounded our way up the channel until suddenly a buoy swam into sight out of the fog dead ahead. And a very welcome sight it was!

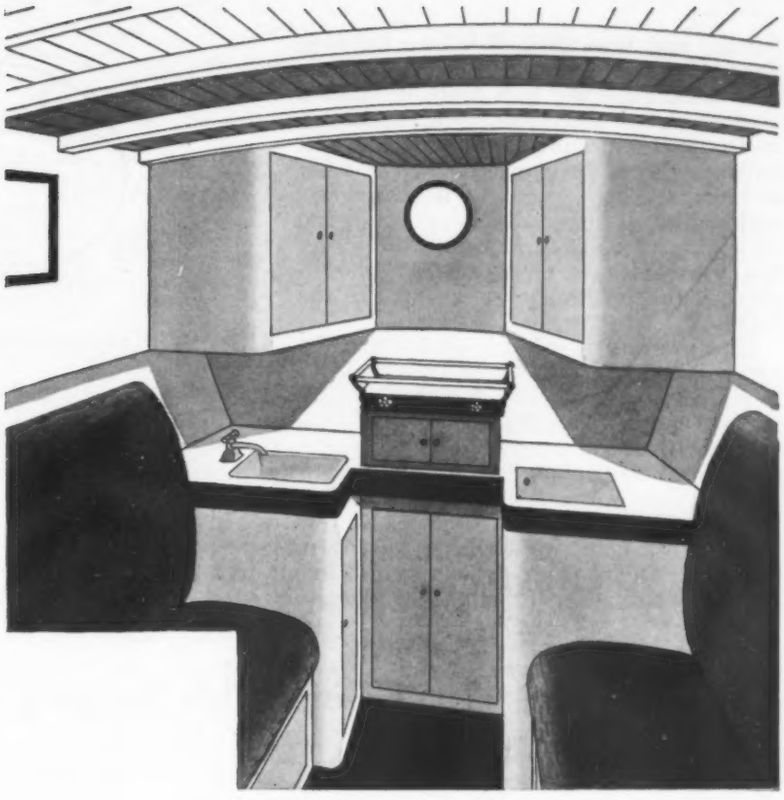
Going Modern

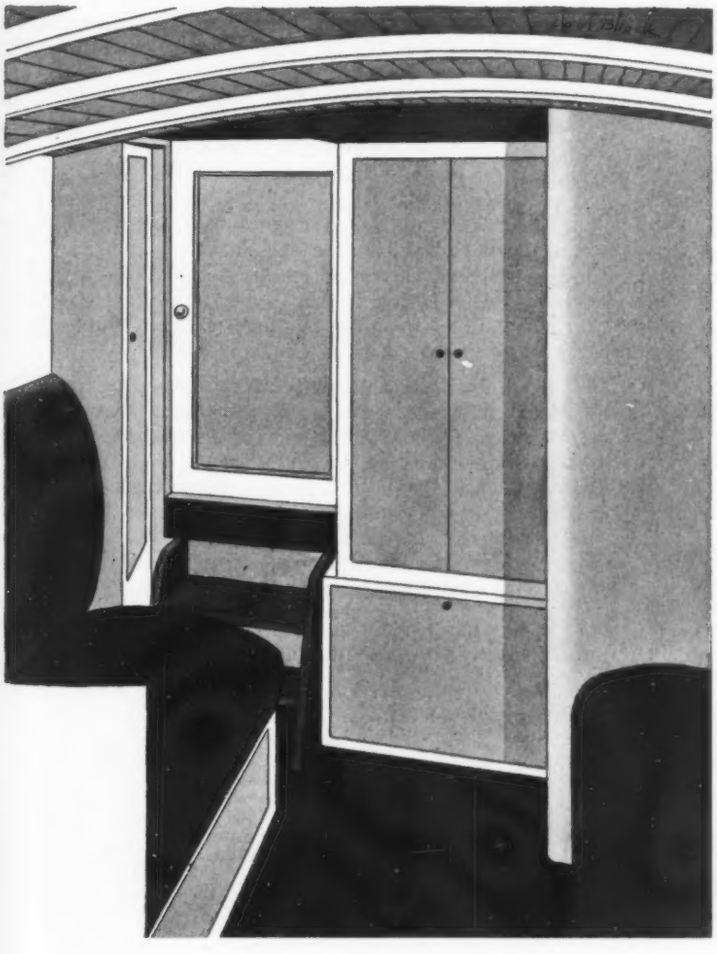
II

A Suggestion for the Interior Design of a 22-Foot Power Cruiser

By

LOU BLOCK





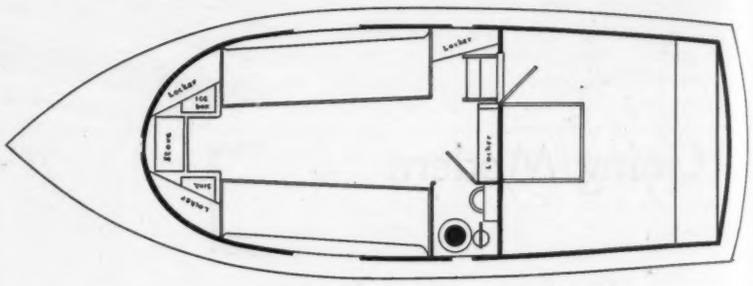
THE possibility of establishing home comforts on board the small cruiser is a matter of vital interest to the yachtsman of limited income. Living aboard the boat for an entire summer is a practice which is fast increasing. This tendency will give added emphasis to the subject of interior design and will necessarily modify the ideas of convenience and harmony of arrangement which have prevailed. The necessity of a new approach to the problem is most evident in the case of cabin boats of under thirty feet.

In boats of this type the interior arrangements have usually been planned with the short cruise in mind. Modern designing, or functional designing — to give it its true name — with its careful use of space, permits the designer to distribute the various units essential to home convenience with an economy which does not in any sense impair the comfort or practicality of the boat.

The drawings shown here illustrate what can be done on a 22-foot cruiser with accommodations for four. There is no radical departure from standard designing except, perhaps, in structural technique, and in the placing of the toilet room aft, rather than forward. The advantage of this arrangement is a larger, more symmetrically designed galley, with more space allowance for provisions and other galley supplies. The two lockers, one over the sink and the other over the icebox, are fitted with conveniently arranged shelves; there are also lockers under the stove and sink. Doors are used on all the lockers to preserve the trim appearance of the cabin.

The berths are upholstered in leather, un-

tufted, and have lockers below. Between the berths there is ample space for a table. The toilet abaft the port berth contains a medicine chest and wash basin in addition to the standard equipment. A locker unit between the companionway and the toilet is large enough to contain books, charts and additional galley supplies. It could also be arranged for clothes. Under the locker is a removable door giving access to the engine. A full length locker is opposite the toilet.



Interior layout of 22-foot cruiser. Scale 3/16" to 1'

The advantages of this design are the accessibility of all the lockers, the simplicity of construction, and the opportunities which it offers the owner to embellish to his taste with pictures, curtains, or whatever may suit his tastes. The absence of all decorative trim in the construction permits color combinations which would be quite a departure from the orthodox bright mahogany and white paint. In the cabin shown here two shades of dull terra cotta have been used on the cabin top and on all woodwork. The berths are covered with red leather, the area around the sink and icebox, and under the stove, is of polished metal, and black linoleum is used on the floor.

This idea of cabin design is directed primarily to those boat owners who plan to spend a great deal of time aboard their cruisers. Lighting arrangements and color suitable to the unadorned construction are endless in possibility. The seaworthiness of the boat is not impaired, and the owner, in a snug anchorage, can go below to a cabin more personal than he has hitherto known.

The Cruising Club Designing Competition

IT HAD been the hope of the editors of YACHTING to announce the winners of the designing contest under the new ocean racing rule of the Cruising Club of America in this issue. Unfortunately, this is not possible, for the committee which is to make the selection has not been able to make the awards, owing to the great number of designs submitted and the excellence of the plans as a whole.

In all, forty-one designs were received. In addition to those from naval architects and others in the United States, designs were received from Canada, Great Britain, Germany and China. Apparently those who submitted designs had studied the proposed rule most carefully, and with the intent of taking every possible advantage of any loophole that might exist in it. The result has been a wide variation in dimensions of the various plans, all working out at, or close to, the required rating of 45. The preference of the designers in the matter of rig seems to have been for single-masted yachts, as 18 of the 41 designs were of the cutter or sloop rig, all jib-headed. The ketch rig accounted for eleven of the designs, all but one being jib-headed. There were six designs with yawl rig, and only six schooners, two of these showing full staysail rig and four having gaff foresail and jib-headed main.

On the whole, the designs have been very carefully worked out and most of those submitted are of a generally desirable type, although one or two designs might be considered in the nature of freaks. With but few exceptions, a substantial beam credit was taken by the designers, and in only one instance has a beam penalty been incurred.

We understand that at this writing the choice of the committee has been narrowed down to seven designs, from which the winner and the second and third choices will be made, probably in time for publication in the September issue of YACHTING. As far as the awards are concerned, speed will be the main consideration in selecting the winners. Only on the basis of speed can the undesirable features of the proposed rule be brought to light, and either eliminated or controlled before the rule is finally adopted.

In order to meet the average conditions likely to be encountered in an ocean race, such as that over the Bermuda course, theoretical sailing conditions were laid down by the selection committee on which to base their awards. The following are the percentages deemed most likely to be encountered:

20% light to moderate breeze, on the wind
20% light to moderate breeze, close reach to abeam
10% light to moderate breeze, on the quarter
10% light to moderate breeze astern
20% very light, variable winds, confused sea
15% strong breeze or squalls, requiring quick and rather frequent change of sail area
5% conditions requiring heaving to under storm canvas and rough sea

It is expected that the final selection will be announced some time in August.

Under the Lee of the Longboat

by Cap Stan

THE Gibson Island Race of 1933 will go down in history as the freakiest, flukiest, lightest weather long distance race yet to be sailed. And most of the time the boats were hard on the wind — great stuff for the sloops, cutters, and staysail-rigged schooners. Under these rather unusual conditions, it is rather surprising that "the dope" on this page last month turned out as well as it did. *High Tide* did even better than expected in saving her allowance on the fleet. *Mandoo* sailed a fine race, and was in the money. *Vixen*, a N. Y. "40" with jib-headed sloop rig, made money in the light windward going. Too much windward work spelled *Teragram's* downfall. *Wild Goose* came within four minutes of making good the predictions for Class B, *Alsumar* barely squeezing through in conditions made to order for her. *Jubilee* showed a fine burst of speed on the way to Montauk, but fell by the wayside in the calms and flukes going down the Virginia beach. *Thoroughbred* had a commanding lead in Class D approaching Cape Charles Lightship, but went all to pieces during and after the little squall encountered by the leaders on the third night. *Skylark* was well up with the leaders at this point, and also went sour in the fluky mess which followed the squall. Same for *Mistress* — this veteran ocean racing schooner went to windward far better than I have ever seen her go before, but overstood the lightship and lost many hours.

While the leaders were fighting raging calms in the Chesapeake, the laggards were doing the same thing around Fenwick and Winter Quarter Lightships. The boats outside seemed to get the worst of it, several being flat becalmed for upwards of 24 hours.

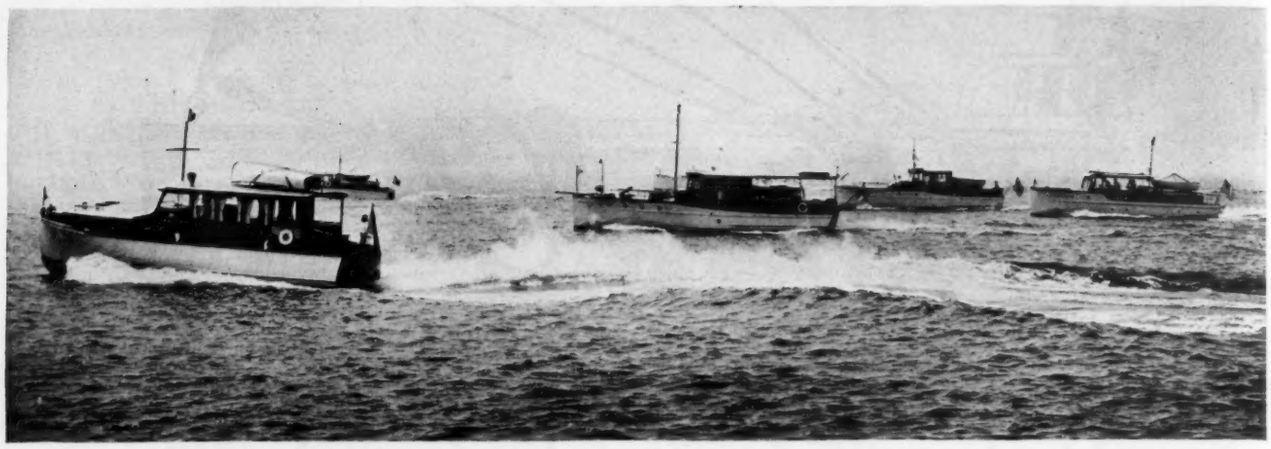
Teragram passed five boats — *Skylark*, *Mistress*, *Thoroughbred*, *Twilight* and *Shawara* — in the floppy going after the squall. It wasn't much of a squall, but it is dignified by the name inasmuch as the wind both before and after was lighter. Plenty of lightning and thunderheads, but only a ten-minute puff of wind of the "scupper breeze" variety, followed for hours by next to no wind at all. A dreary business, trying to get around that lightship.

One of the most uncalled for fouls seen in an ocean race was perpetrated by *Rugosa II*. Attempting a port tack start, she got over too soon, then wore right around and headed for *Shawara* and *Teragram*, the latter two being hard on the starboard tack. At the last second she bore up again onto the port tack, right across the bows of the two latter boats. *Shawara* ticked her mizzen boom, *Teragram* missed her by a hair, and also narrowly missed scalping *Shawara's* helmsman with her bowsprit as she bore off in an effort to avert a disastrous crash with *Rugosa*. Neither *Shawara* nor *Teragram* entered a protest, so *Rugosa* went Scot free, her owner apparently quite unconcerned over the dangerous situation which he created, inasmuch as he didn't even apologize to the owners of the wronged boats. Such lack of consideration for the rights of others is indeed rare in ocean racing.

Falcon II tried a port tack start, interfered with *Mistress*, and was promptly protested, with the resulting penalty of disqualification. *Vixen* was a similar offender, but escaped a protest and disqualification. Unless "port tack" sailors are quickly cured of their malady, either by protest or independent action of race committees, there will be a serious crash some day. Let's hope that the cure is quick and permanent.

In the 1931 Cape May Race *Rugosa II*, a New York "40" with jib-headed yawl rig, presented a measurement certificate showing her ratio of ballast to displacement to be 56 per cent plus, which placed her in Class D, known as the Racing Division. Now in 1933, three "40's" — *Rugosa*, *Vixen* and *Shawara* — appear with certificates showing a ratio of less than 46 per cent, allowing them to compete in Class A, for heavier cruising yachts. Many people are still wondering how they got below 46 per cent without any alterations whatever.

It is claimed that those on board *Sequoia* didn't do a bit of dead reckoning or celestial navigating during the whole trip, yet knew their position to a dot every hour of the way. The answer lies in a newly-developed, compact radio direction finder, with which they secured hourly positions of perfect accuracy. There's nothing new in this idea, of course, but it's the first time I've heard of one of these gadgets which apparently worked on a small yacht in an ocean race with perfect results. The near future should see many more of them in action on cruising craft.



Six cruisers, three in each of the two classes, turned out for the annual race to Block Island sponsored by the New York Athletic Club

The Month's Racing News

The Block Island Race for Power and Sailing Yachts

WALTER H. WHEELER, who for three seasons kept the Stamford Yacht Club burgee in the forefront of Y.R.A. competition and other Western Long Island Sound fixtures with his 20-rater *Cotton Blossom*, has turned to a larger boat and longer races with every indication of continued success.

This spring he sold *Cotton Blossom* out to the Great Lakes, bought a 25-rater Class Q sloop, changed her name to *Cotton Blossom II* and planned a summer of cruising and participation in long distance races.

The New York Athletic Club's twenty-sixth race from Execution Rock to Block Island on July 8th was the new *Cotton Blossom's* first test. She started with thirteen other sailing yachts of varying types and was the second to finish the 100-mile passage to Great Salt Pond. Only Dave H. Morris's ten-meter *Dragon*, scratch boat, beat her in. The difference at the finish, though, was less than five minutes, so *Cotton Blossom*, with a time allowance of one hour and 35 minutes, by pressing *Dragon* so closely and saving her time on the five other boats that finished before noon the next day, won her first start for her new owner. *Alsumar* finished under the command of Philip LeBoutillier in time to relegate *Dragon* to third position on corrected time.

The race was slow and discouraging to those in the smaller, or heavier displacement boats. For some time after the eleven o'clock start the wind was light and abaft the beam. Well into the afternoon it freshened enough to move the fleet along smartly, but just before midnight it "petered out," leaving all but the larger boats becalmed to the westward of Plum Gut and The Race.

Out in Block Island Sound there was some breeze, enough, at any rate, to keep *Dragon* and *Cotton Blossom II* moving under light canvas while their less fortunate opponents were slatting about just a few miles to the westward. *Dragon* finished at 6:48 Sunday morning with *Cotton Blossom* following less than five minutes later. *Alsumar* did not get in until after eight and the stragglers appeared at wide intervals up to six that night. Tired, disgusted crews wondered how they were to get back to New York in time for work Monday morning.

The motorboat section of the race, run for the twenty-fourth time, attracted six cruisers and revealed once more the contradictory character of cruiser handicapping. Despite the weird functioning of the handicap system, the power boat sailors had a pleasant run and a big time after tying up.

Under the measurement rule, Dr. George E. Rice's Elco 45-footer, *Wah-Ne-Ta III*, repeated her 1932 Class A victory, and in Class B the prize went to Vice Commodore Dan Hickey's *Danell*, of the New York A. C., a Dawn 45-footer with twin screws. On a past performance basis — a system whereby boats are handicapped according to their owners' most pessimistic statements of speed and allotted arbitrary times to finish — the laurel wreath went to *Rambler*, owned by A. L. Wright, of the South Shore Yacht Club, Freeport, L. I. *Rambler* finished within one minute and twenty-five seconds of her schedule.

The summaries:

SAILBOAT DIVISION

Yacht	*Owner*	*Club*	*Elapsed Time*	*Corrected Time*
Cotton Blossom II	W. H. Wheeler	Stamford	19:53:03	18:18:03
Alsumar	Philip LeBoutillier	Cold Spring	21:11:30	18:44:30
Dragon	Dave H. Morris, Jr.	American	19:48:25	19:48:25
Playmate	Robert D. Teller	Bayside	22:45:10	20:10:10
Old Timer	H. A. Calahan	New York	23:36:45	21:06:45
Sally IX	George F. Hubbard	New York	23:59:18	21:15:18
Rissa	Seward de Hart	City Island	24:11:50	22:54:50

"Cotton Blossom," a 25-rater owned by Walter H. Wheeler, won in the sailing division of the Block Island race, which attracted fourteen starters

MOTORBOAT DIVISION

Class A

Wah-Ne-Ta III	Dr. G. E. Rice	New York A. C.	10:26:25	8:25:23
Alesto II	Wallace Hendricks	Manhasset Bay	9:34:48	9:34:48
Rambler	A. L. Wright	South Shore	12:31:25	10:51:52

Class B

Danell	D. F. B. Hickey	New York A. C.	7:58:15	7:05:55
Alfreda III	A. H. Merkel	Manhasset Bay	7:55:35	7:55:35
Mallah II	F. W. Hallam	South Shore	9:03:35	8:30:35

EVERETT B. MORRIS

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St. Marks Wins Interscholastic Championship

THE 57 boys who sailed in the fifth interscholastic yachting championship held at Marion, Mass., the last week in June, received their nautical education in 38 institutions or clubs, mostly in New England, which encourage competitive sailing.

The Beverly Yacht Club of Marion which conducted the championship for the second time, and furnished the ten Herreshoff 15-foot gaff-rigged knockabouts, two of which were built thirty years ago, had four representatives in the running, including E. Dwight Fullerton, Jr., who kept the Clifford D. Mallory championship cup at St. Mark's, of Southboro, Mass., through repeating his victory of 1932. His crew this year were Camman Newbury, of Detroit, and Thomas Husband, of Nantucket. St. George's School, Newport, R. I., with a crew headed by Ethan A. H. Sims, took second place.

Two divisions of nine schools each sailed single races the first day over six-mile leeward and windward courses in airs that were unusually light for Buzzard's Bay. In the first division Kent School, captained by Thomas A. Potter, Jr., by making short tacks alongshore, beat out St. George's by a minute and seven seconds. In the second division young Fullerton also worked the beach and took the event from Belmont Hill by about a minute, Lawrenceville being third. The second division sailed two races the second day, with St. Paul's, skippered by Ridgeway Hall, beating out Fullerton by seven seconds in the first event, and Lawrenceville, headed by William B. Campbell, taking the second by seventeen seconds. Tabor, with Frank B. Jewett, won the single race in the first division by six minutes over Hackley. All three races were again sailed in soft and fickle airs, over six-mile triangular courses.

The concluding event in the first division sailed at the opening of the third day qualified St. George's and Tabor for the finals, and as Pomfret, which won the race, was tied in points with Kent, the two were also allowed in the finals, with St. Mark's, St. Paul's, and Lawrenceville getting in from the second division.

There was a redraw for boats at the start of the finals the afternoon of the third day, with St. Mark's leading from start to finish over a seven-mile windward and leeward course, the breeze being fairly strong from the southwest. St. George's was second, Kent third, St. Paul's fourth, Tabor fifth, Pomfret sixth and Lawrenceville seventh.

The second final, sailed on the morning of the fourth day, tested the ability of the leaders, for there was thick fog, and a fairly strong breeze. Pomfret fouled the second mark and was disqualified, while St. Paul's withdrew, leaving St. Mark's to beat St. George's by one minute and 14 seconds.

The concluding affair, sailed over a six-mile leeward and windward course was a sharp duel between Sims and Fullerton, the latter nosing his boat out into the lead shortly after the turn and winning by 47 seconds. It was a fine test of sailing ability for all hands, with a typical bay southwester, and some sea.

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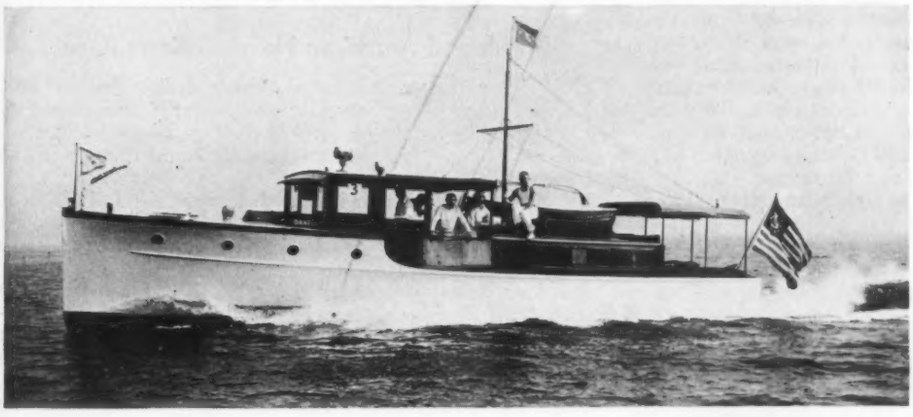
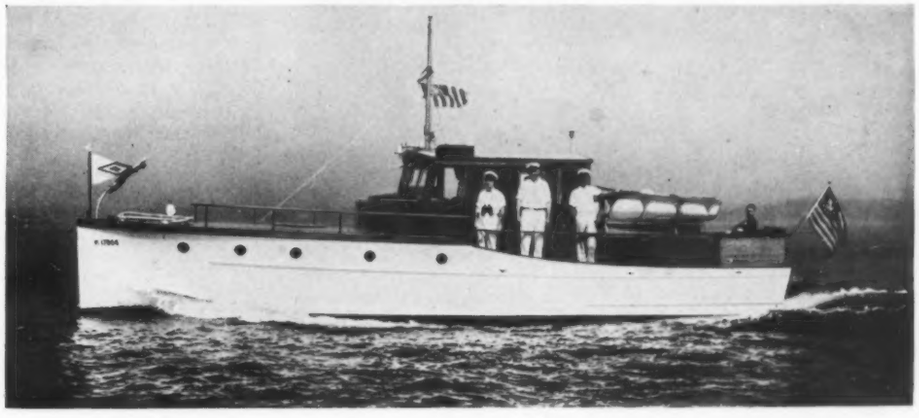
Eight-Metre Class to Meet at Chicago Fair

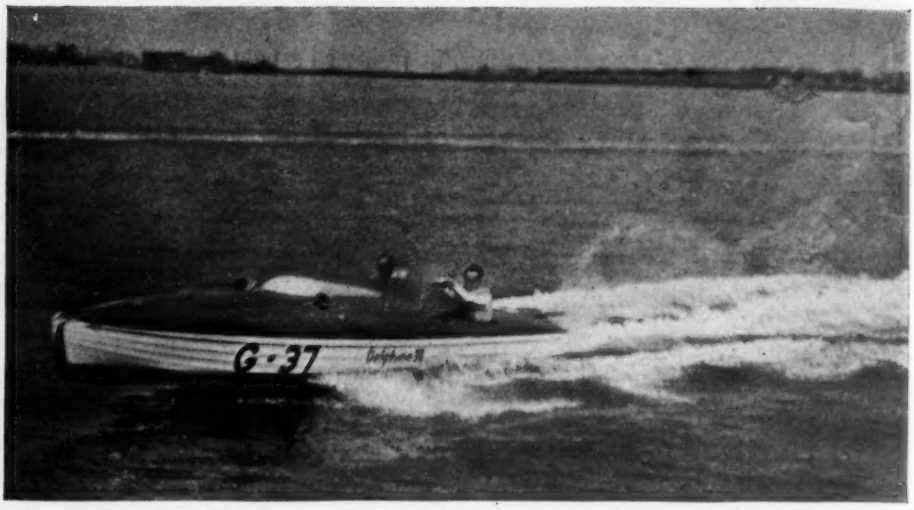
PLANS are being made to bring together eight-metre sloops from various ports on the Great Lakes to race for the new Commodore Barthels Trophy, donated by that well-known Detroit yachtsman. In the deed of gift of the trophy, Commodore Barthels designated that the first race in 1933 was to be held in connection with the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago. The event is open to contestants from anywhere in the world. Three yachts are expected in these initial races, one each from the Royal Canadian Y. C., the Detroit Y. C., and the Chicago Y. C. According to present plans, the Class Q boat *Hope*, will be altered to make her measure into the class and will represent Chicago in the series. J. A. WARING



"Rambler," below, owned by A. L. Wright, won the Past Performance Handicap

"Danell," owned by D. F. B. Hickey, won in the Class B division of the N. Y. A. C. Block Island race





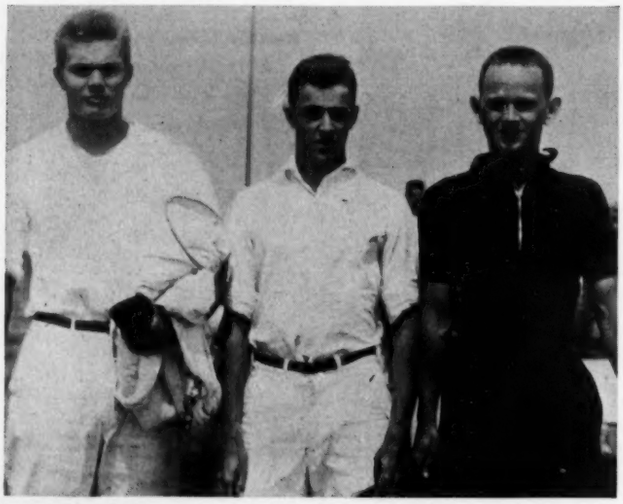
"Delphine VII," Mrs. Delphine Dodge Baker's new Gold Cup racer, finished second behind "Pep III," driven by John Bramble, in the Virginia Gold Cup race sponsored by the Hampton Yacht Club

Virginia Gold Cup Won by "Pep III"

WITH all her twelve cylinders roaring and the exhausts laying down a smoke screen over the course, *Pep III*, owned by Ernest T. Chase and representing the Maryland Yacht Club, won first place in the initial race for the Virginia Gold Cup held on Hampton Roads, July 9th. Her average speed was 55.05 statute miles per hour. The race was to have been run July 4th, but the end of a two-day northeast gale made a postponement necessary. The event was the first sanctioned race of the Hampton Yacht Club, Hampton, Virginia, and was for a trophy presented by Horace E. Dodge.

Pep III was driven by John Bramble. She got away to a good start and took both heats, the first at a speed of 54.1 m.p.h. and the second at 56 miles, flat. Second honors went to the new *Delphine VII* owned by Mrs. Delphine Dodge Baker and built to the Gold Cup requirements. In this, her first race, she was driven by Horace Dodge. Her average time for the two heats was 54.05 m.p.h. She handled very well on the turns and ran smoothly, little or no "porpoising" being in evidence. *C-Me-Go*, owned by Pete Christian of Richmond, Va., and driven by Freeman Collier of the Hampton Yacht Club, placed third, and Walter Leaveau, in a Dodge 16, took fourth place. The best time was made by *Pep III* with a speed of 57.7 m.p.h. in the third lap of the second heat. *Delphine VII's* best time was 56.5 m.p.h. A 12-cylinder Liberty motor drove *Pep III*, while *Delphine VII* was powered with a Gold Cup Packard motor.

The course was laid out according to Gold Cup rules and was well patrolled and clear of driftwood. Commodore H. H. Holt, Jr., and the regatta committee, headed by George Bulifant, chairman, and William Horn, referee, handled the event in an able manner.



The St. Marks crew, winners of the Interscholastic Championship. Left to right, Thomas Husband, E. Dwight Fullerton, Jr., captain, and Camman Newbury

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Honolulu Star Class Lipton Winner

PUCK DOWSETT, fourteen-year-old son of Herbert Dowsett, who sailed the Hawaiian entry in last year's Star Class International Series on Long Island Sound, captured the Lipton Cup Star Trophy in a series of five races sailed off Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, in June. His father sailed with him as crew during the races. Winning this series makes young Dowsett eligible to represent his fleet in the Star Internationals, to be sailed this year off Long Beach, California, August 28th–31st.

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British and American Naval Officers Race

BRITISH and American naval officers, sailing Pacific Coast One-Design sloops, staged an impromptu "Hands across the Sea" race under the auspices of the San Diego Yacht Club on June 25th, the Americans taking first and third, and the British second and fourth places.

The race was occasioned by a visit to San Diego of H. M. S. *Dragon*, of the America and West Indies station of the British Navy. American officers were from vessels of the battle force destroyers basing at San Diego.

The four boats were assigned by lot. Notwithstanding the fact that the British skippers were sailing strange craft, in unfamiliar waters, they put up a fine fight and kept the race in doubt for a good part of the course. First across the starting line were the two British entries, *Wings*, piloted by Lt. J. B. C. Temple, and *Windy*, with Lt. Comdr. F. M. Weathered, at the helm. At the windward mark Commander Weathered was ahead, but was passed by *Ni Ni Nie*, soon after, the American entry being piloted by Ch. Elec. W. S. Tucker of the U. S. S. *Melville*, with a crew consisting of Comdr. J. C. Byrnes and Lt. H. Keller, Jr. *Scamp*, the other American entry, was in charge of Lt. Comdr. Ralph Alexander, of the destroyer force staff.

The race, which was over an eight-mile course, resulted as follows:

Ni Ni Nie	Tucker, U. S. N.	1:24:02
Windy	Weathered, R. N.	1:27:35
Scamp	Alexander, U. S. N.	1:30:01
Wings	Temple, R. N.	1:30:49

Increasing interest in yachting is apparent among naval officers basing on the San Diego-San Pedro area, and the San Diego Yacht Club is planning further events for the officers stationed there.

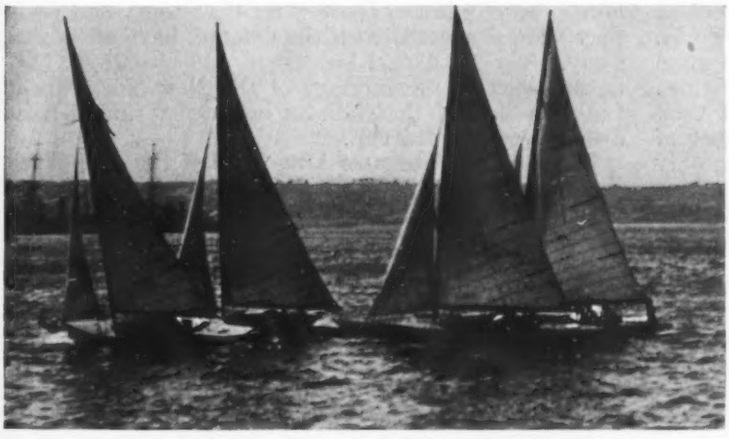
"Three Star Two" Wins Santa Barbara Lipton Trophy

INDICATIVE of the keen competition among Star sloops of California which are being groomed for the Internationals at Long Beach, August 24th–31st, are the results of the Santa Barbara Lipton Trophy series held over the Fourth of July holiday at Santa Barbara. *Three Star Two*, a new sloop commissioned this season by Glen Waterhouse of San Francisco, secretary of I. S. C. Y. R. A. for the Pacific slope, won the series by the margin of a single point over Frank Lippman's *Pat-Riot* of the Long Beach fleet. Winsor Soule's *Barby II* (ex-*Tempe IV*) placed third, and Art Macrate, Jr's., *Zoa*, fourth in the series.

Waterhouse and his crew placed consistently, garnering 25¼ points of a possible 27¾ for the three-race series among nine sloops. A decisive victory on the last day decided matters after two second places by a margin of 12 seconds and 14 seconds over *Zoa* and *Pat-Riot*, respectively. Lippman collected a first, second, and third place each day. Macrate's *Zoa* parted her main halliard two minutes before the start of the final event and was ten minutes late starting. She was a close third in the series at the time.

This, the sixth running for the Santa Barbara Lipton Trophy, marks its second consecutive return to San Francisco.

Yacht	*Skipper*	*Fleet*	*Points*
Three Star Two	Waterhouse	San Francisco	25¼
Pat-Riot	Lippman	Long Beach	24¼
Barby II	Soule	Santa Barbara	17
Zoa	Macrate	Long Beach	16¼
Buddy	Cram	Santa Barbara	15
H. M. S. Pinafore	Dickinson, Jr.	Santa Barbara	14
Phar-Lap	Martin	Santa Barbara	13
Radiant Star	Swicker	San Francisco	8
Technocrat	Fogg	Long Beach	2



The start of the British-American Naval Officers' Race at San Diego which was won by E. S. Tucker, U. S. N.

Right. "Ahto" as seen from the deck of the 32-foot "Enterprise" before the two started their Transatlantic race

The Outboard Championships

THE Middle Atlantic New England Outboard Championship Regatta will be held this year on September 9th and 10th, over the course on the Connecticut River in Middletown, Conn. Both the Eastern and the National Championships have been held at Middletown before, under the auspices of the Middletown Yacht Club.

A course of 1¾ miles is being laid out, three laps constituting one five-mile heat, much, if not all of it, within sight of the clubhouse and grand stand. Entries for this event are already being received by Phelps Ingersoll, of Wilcox, Crittenden & Co., Middletown, to whom drivers should write for entry blanks.

The Central Divisional Championships will be run on Lake Lotowana, near Kansas City, Mo., over the Labor Day week-end, the dates being September 4th, 5th, and 6th, the last day being reserved for the mile speed trials. Lake Lotowana is a beautiful artificial lake covering some 900 acres, and an excellent course is being laid out on it. As many of the best outboard drivers come from the Central West, the regatta should be well attended and result in keen racing.

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Ahto Walter Completes Fifth Atlantic Passage

AHTO WALTER, completing his fifth Transatlantic passage in boats under 30 feet in length, and his third passage in his present sloop *Ahto*, arrived in New York Harbor July 6th after a 50-day passage from Gambia, West Africa, and won an informal match Transatlantic race from the 32-foot cutter *Enterprise*, sailed by C. P. Barber, who arrived four days later.

The youthful Estonian — he is only twenty-one — started from his home port, Tallinn, on the Baltic, last fall with three companions, two of whom succumbed to the hardships and skipped ship in Spain. The third, Tom Olsen, an American, completed the passage with Walter. In company with the *Enterprise*, *Ahto* cruised down the West African coast as far as Bathurst, from which port they set sail together on May 17th for a 4000-mile race across the Atlantic to a finish line extending north from Sandy Hook.

For the first 600 miles the two boats were within sight of each other until finally *Ahto* left *Enterprise* far astern. The passage was beset by calms and the two young sailors report that at one time they were able to sleep all night long for the better part of two weeks. The worst weather encountered was off the Jersey coast in the northeast gale that struck the racing fleet on its return from Gibson Island.

Both *Ahto* and *Enterprise* will probably moor at City Island.

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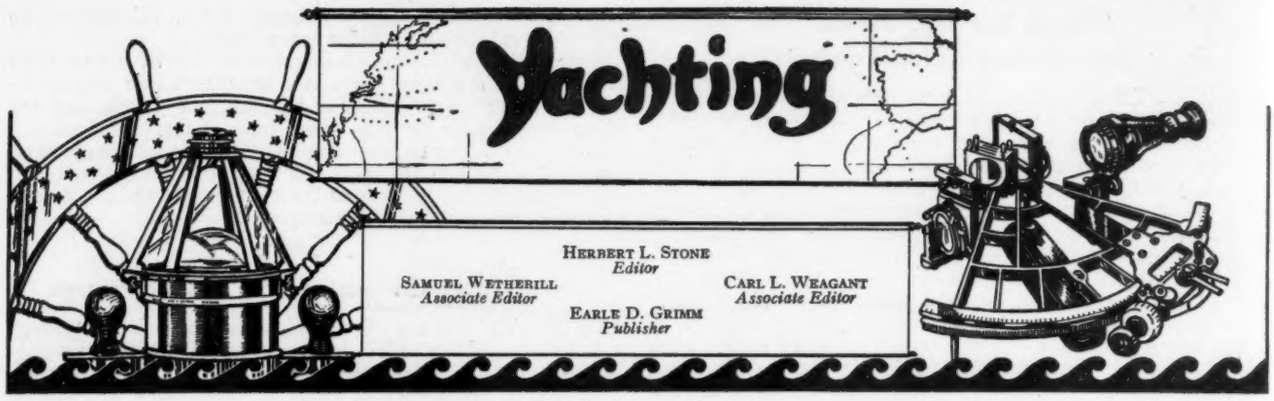
The Seller Remits the Sales Tax

IN AN editorial in the last issue of YACHTING dealing with the sales tax assessed in the State of New York, it was stated that on the sale of every boat, whether new or second-hand, made by a builder or manufacturer in the state, the tax of one percent must be paid by the purchaser and reported by the seller. This statement, while correct, has apparently caused some confusion. While the tax is added to the purchase price, or included in the price agreed upon, the actual reporting of the sale and the remitting of the tax to the state is the *duty of the seller*. The purchaser pays the tax to the seller at the time the sale is made. Thereafter, it is up to the seller to remit the one percent to the state department charged with the collection of these taxes.



EDITORIAL

The Tide Sets In

THE success, judging from the number of starters, of the recent ocean race from New London to Gibson Island, indicates that the tide in yachting affairs has begun to flood. To get as many as forty-two yachts in an ocean race after three years of unparalleled economic stringency not only speaks of excellent work on the part of the committee in charge of the event, but is evidence that yachtsmen are not restricting themselves in the enjoyment of their favorite sport.

In point of size, the fleet was the largest ever seen in an ocean race of this length anywhere in the world, except in the Bermuda Race of 1930, when the same number of yachts sailed that somewhat longer course. But in 1930 the effect of the depression had not been fully felt. In the two following years the number of starters in long distance races fell off considerably, only to jump this year to such a marked degree that one feels that the economic barometer is on the rise. In the fleet were three new yachts, all built this last year, while no less than thirteen in the fleet of forty-two yachts were built since 1930, during the years of extreme depression. All of which looks as if this ocean racing game had a strong hold on the blue water yachtsmen, and has done its share in building up the fleet of cruising yachts.

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Loss of the "Shawara"

MANY of the yachts in the Gibson Island race got quite a dusting on their way home after that event in a particularly fresh summer northeast gale which swept the North Atlantic Coast July 2nd and 3rd. Some of the racers had a hard time of it, but only one, as far as is known at this writing, came to grief. The New York "Forty" *Shawara* was abandoned at sea when her crew was taken off by a tanker off the Delaware Capes. In just what shape this yacht was when abandoned, is not clear, nor is it certain how well she was outfitted to meet hard weather. At any rate, it is reported that she blew her mainsail out, that her jib jammed and had to be cut away, and that a skylight was smashed, letting some water below. She also took quite a beating and was leaking badly. She is reported to have pulled her bitts out, while under tow of the tanker, and to have sunk.

Edwin D. Morgan

WITH the death, on June 13th, at the age of seventy-nine years, of Edwin Denison Morgan, there passed another of the old guard which bore the brunt of the defense of the America's Cup from 1893 to 1905, and whose influence during those years made a lasting imprint on yachting in America. W. Butler Duncan, C. Oliver Iselin, Lewis Cass Ledyard, Captain Charles Barr, to mention only a few of the many who through their brave effort and wide practical experience kept the famous trophy in this country for the twenty-odd years they were connected with the defense, have all passed away. Only Nathanael Herreshoff and George A. Cormack, the present secretary of the New York Yacht Club, are left of that famous band who turned back every assault on the cup.

E. D. Morgan became a member of the New York Yacht Club in 1882. At that time he was already an ardent yachtsman, and at one time he owned the cutter *Vindex*, the first iron sailing yacht built in this country. In 1890 he had the sloop *Gloriana* built, from designs by "Nat" Herreshoff. *Gloriana* was a radical departure in hull form, and so successful was she during the first season, when she won all of her races, if our memory serves, that she revolutionized yacht design in this country.

In 1893 Mr. Morgan was a member of the syndicate which built the sloop *Vigilant*, the first Herreshoff-designed and built yacht to defend the America's Cup. Associated with him in this venture were C. Oliver Iselin, who managed the *Vigilant* during her campaign, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and others. Two years later E. D. Morgan was a member of the syndicate which built *Defender*, and still later he joined in the *Columbia* syndicate. In 1901 he had charge of *Columbia* during her trial races against the new *Constitution*. Selecting Charles Barr to sail *Columbia*, the older yacht beat the newer one and was chosen to defend the cup against *Shamrock II*. In 1905 he was again in charge of *Columbia* in the trial races, but she was beaten out by the larger *Reliance*.

This ended Mr. Morgan's active participation in the management of America's Cup contestants. In 1893 and 1894, Mr. Morgan was Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, following the retirement of Elbridge T. Gerry.

IN THE WORLD OF YACHTING

Wide World Photo

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

NOT until Franklin D. Roosevelt was inaugurated last March has a president of the United States numbered seamanship and navigation among the many attainments necessary to the filling of that high office. It is, therefore, a keen satisfaction to yachtsmen to know that at last a president is a real sailor who likes nothing better than spending what little leisure his duties allow in cruising in a small boat.

Franklin D. Roosevelt has been so long in public life that many are apt to forget that he was a yachtsman and sailor before he first filled a public office. As in the case of many of the Roosevelt family, the sea runs in his blood. He first learned sailing in small boats, and some twenty or twenty-five years ago he owned the 40-foot waterline schooner "Half Moon" in which, for many years, he cruised the Atlantic, and especially the New England coast. She was in commission regularly each year and under his command poked her nose, at one time or another, into most of the harbors between Hyde Park and Campobello, New Brunswick. It was not until some twelve years ago that Mr. Roosevelt disposed of the yacht. Thus, to the post of Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Roosevelt carried a sailor's practical experience.

Until last year the President did not indulge in his favorite sport, but after his nomination he chartered a small yawl, and with his sons made a cruise down the Sound and around Cape Cod. This year his cruise in the "Amberjack II" was lengthened to include Campobello, a port he knew well in his former yachting days.

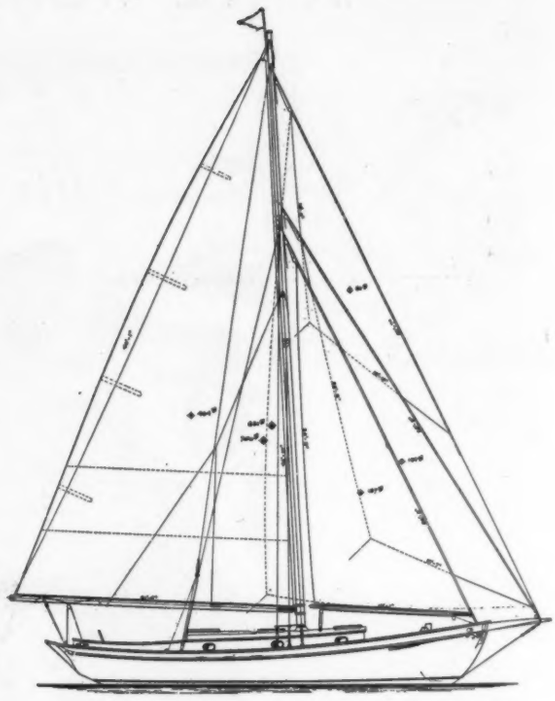
Mr. Roosevelt has been a member of the New York Yacht Club since 1904, which makes him the senior member of that name in this organization.

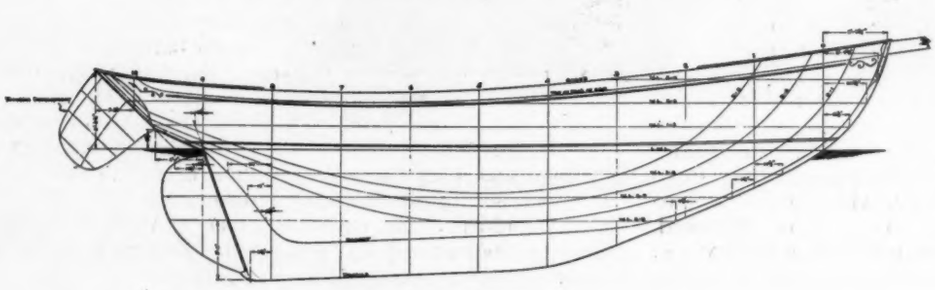
A Snappy Cruising Cutter

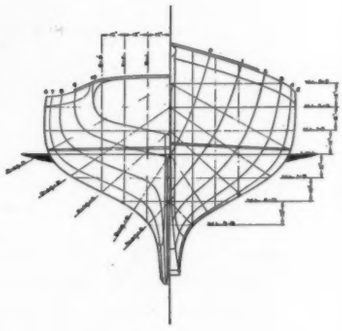
A FINE example of the small, modern cruising cutter is shown in the plans on this page. They were drawn by Winthrop L. Warner, of Middletown, Connecticut, who intends to build the boat for his own use. The principal dimensions are as follows: l.o.a. 34′ 8″; l.w.l. 27′ 3″; beam, 11′ 2″; draft, 5′ 7″; sail area, 750 sq. ft. in the three lower sails. A 4-cylinder marine motor will be installed partly under the bridge deck and partly under the companion steps, which will turn a Hyde feathering wheel and is expected to drive her at a 7-knot clip.

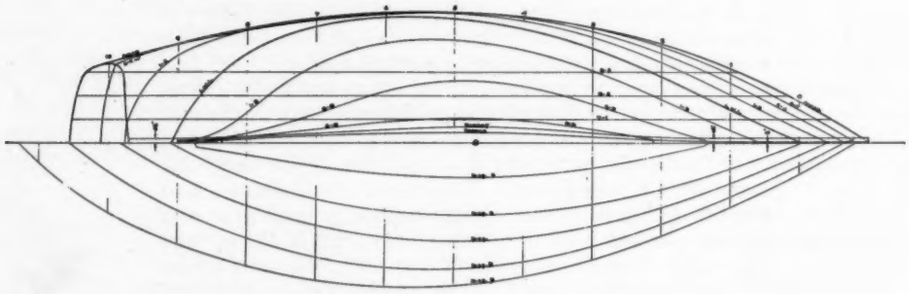
The plans show a boat with moderate and well-lifted ends, good freeboard, ample beam and firm bilges, indicating a good sail carrier, and one which will sail on her bottom. The sail plan is ample for good performance in light weather, and is nicely proportioned both for appearance and ease of handling of the different units.

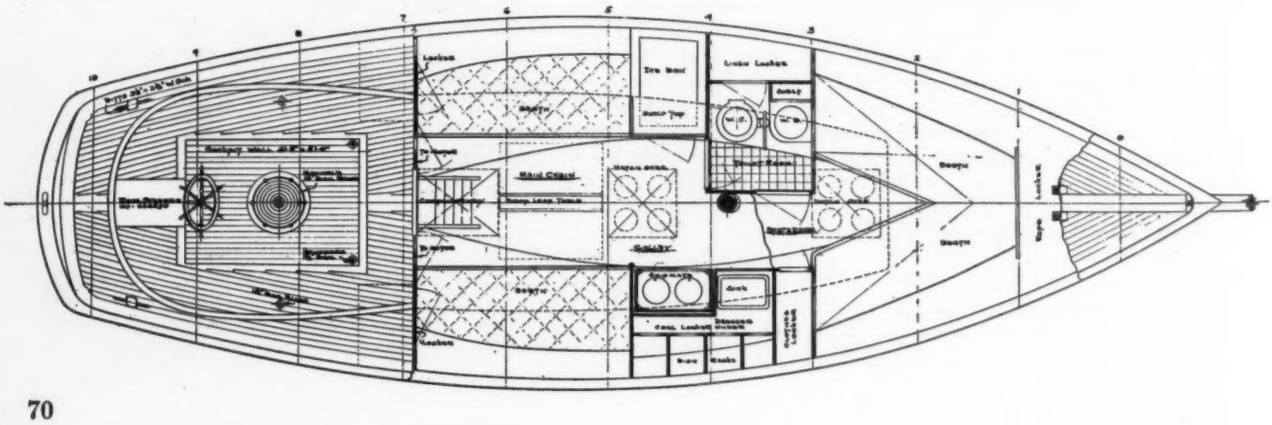
The interior arrangement plan shows good accommodations for four people, with two berths and clothes locker forward, followed by a good toilet room and big ice box on the port side, and galley with Shipmate stove, sink, dresser, etc., opposite. Transom berths are fitted in the main cabin, and clothes lockers are built in under the bridge deck. Two hatches at either end of the cabin trunk assist the ports in providing excellent ventilation.



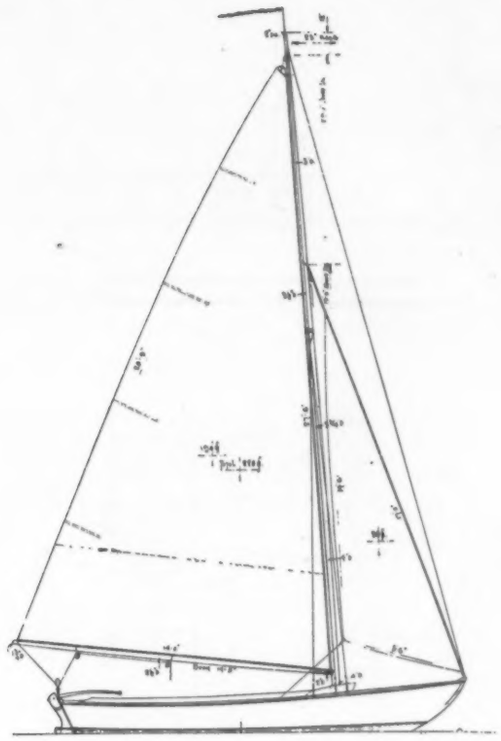








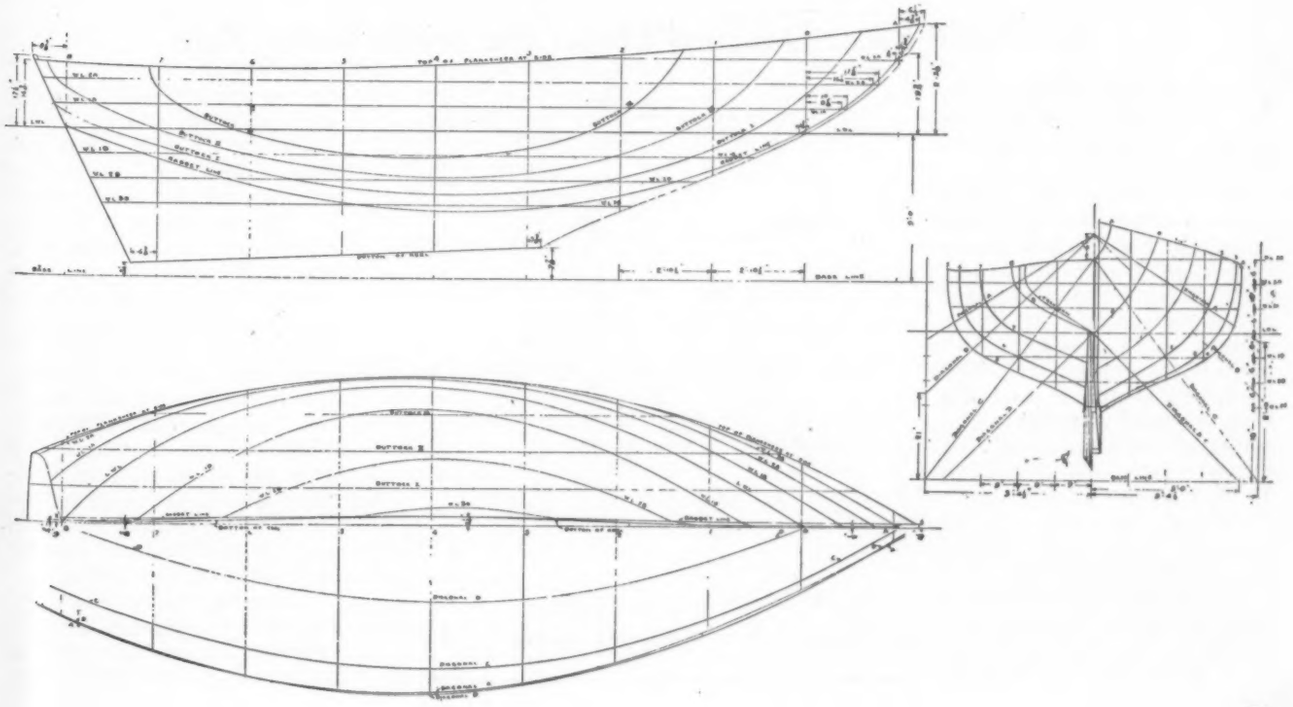
An Attractive and Inexpensive Small Sloop for A One-Design Class

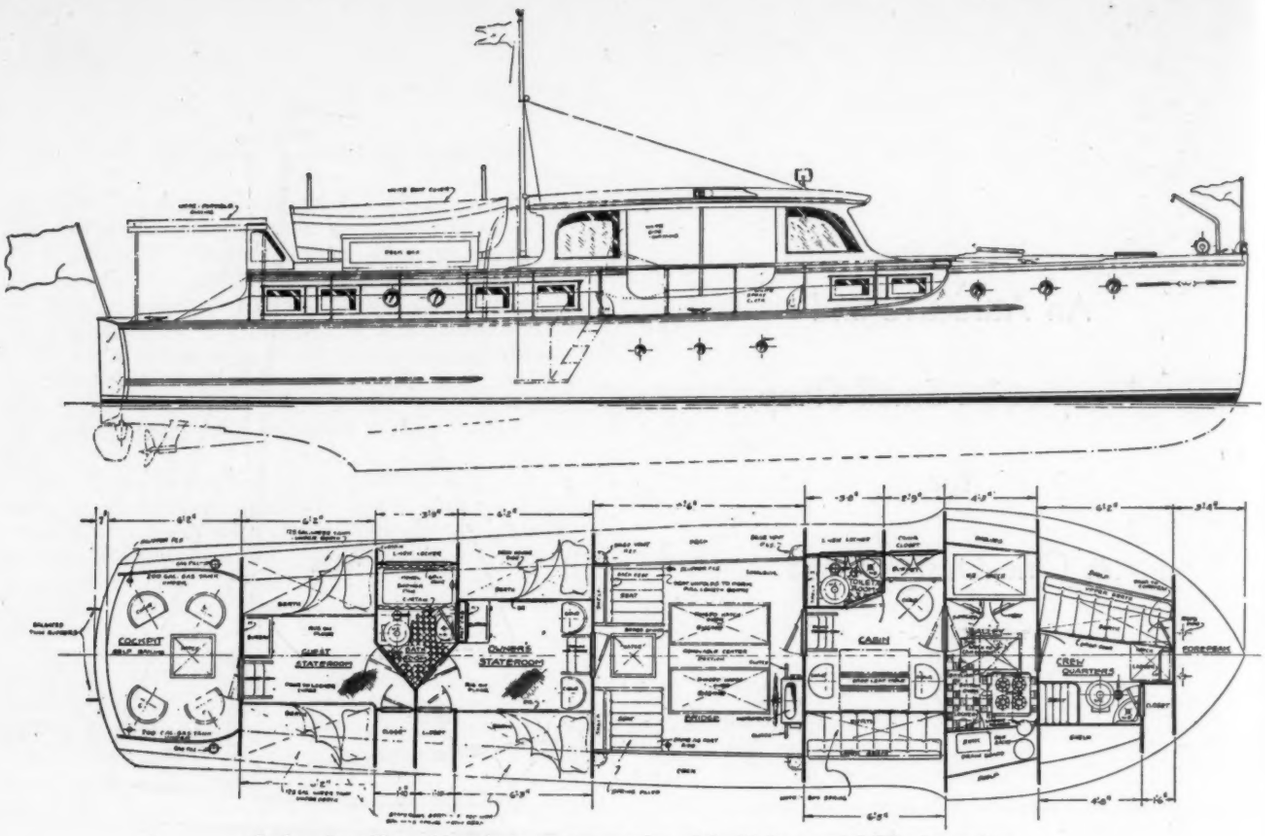


THE attractive little sloop whose plans are shown on this page was drawn by Sidney S. Breese, of New York, for Warren Matthews, also of New York, who has ordered two boats built to stimulate interest in a one-design class on a sizable lake in Connecticut. The dimensions are as follows: l.o.a. 18′ 1″; l.w.l. 15′; beam, 6′; draft, 2′ 9″; sail area, 228 sq. ft.

The profile shows a nice sheer, with moderate bow overhang and raking transom with rudder outboard. Bilges are firm and the fore and aft lines easy. Reverse curves in the sections have been avoided for the sake of simplicity in construction, the latter being strong but inexpensive. The 800-pound keel assures stability and an uncapsizable craft.

The rig is simple, backstays being unnecessary in so small a craft. The cockpit is unusually roomy and comfortable, easily accommodating five or six people for afternoon sailing parties. Half a dozen or more of these craft should provide excellent racing in any semi-protected locality where there is three feet of water.





Outboard profile and interior arrangement plan of the 54-foot special Wheeler cruiser

Wheeler Builds a Special 54-Foot Cruiser

THE Wheeler Shipyard, of Brooklyn, well-known builders of the famous Wheeler Playmates, are building the attractive special 54-foot cruiser shown above for J. H. Nunnally, to be delivered in Miami in the fall. Two Sterling Petrel motors will drive her at a fast clip. The plans show clearly the spacious interior, enclosed bridge deck, after cockpit with swivel chairs, etc. A 26-foot Wheeler semi-shelter sea skiff will be used as a fishing and commuting tender, for which purposes she is ideally suited.

An Ocean Racer Designed Under the British Rating Rule

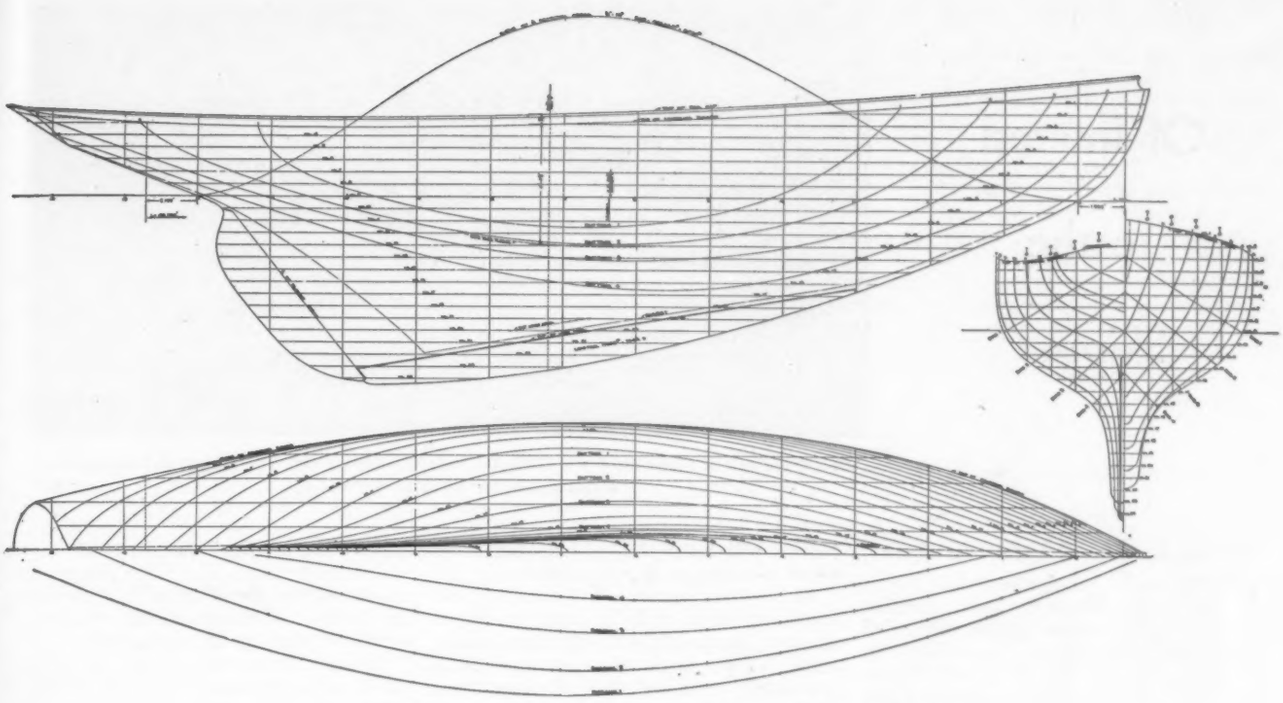
ON THIS and the following page are reproduced the plans of an ocean racing cutter designed under the measurement rule of the Royal Ocean Racing Club of Great Britain by Frederick R. Huntington, of Upper Montclair, New Jersey. The jib-headed cutter rig seems quite small, with a short bowsprit and main boom well inboard. The freeboard is ample, and the sheer unusually straight. The principal dimensions are as follows: l.o.a. 47′ 3″; l.w.l. 36′ 3″; beam, 10′ 8″; draft, 7′ 9″; displacement, 31,733 pounds; lead keel, 11,600 pounds; sail area, 970 sq. ft.

Following is an excerpt from a letter from the designer: "Although she was designed to the R. O. R. C. rule, which tends to one type of hull, namely, narrow, deep, and with very fine ends, she should rate well and perform well under any existing rule for ocean racers.

Sail plan

"The tendency is to take advantage of the leniency of the rule towards full garboards, full buttocks and consequent heavy displacement. Instead, the displacement has been kept light by working the buttocks and the run as fine as possible. Therefore what would otherwise be a good performer only to windward should be easily driven by the fairly small sail plan, and should perform equally well on or off the wind.

"The rig has been designed to get the greatest possible area in the regular working sails, and, by having the stay-

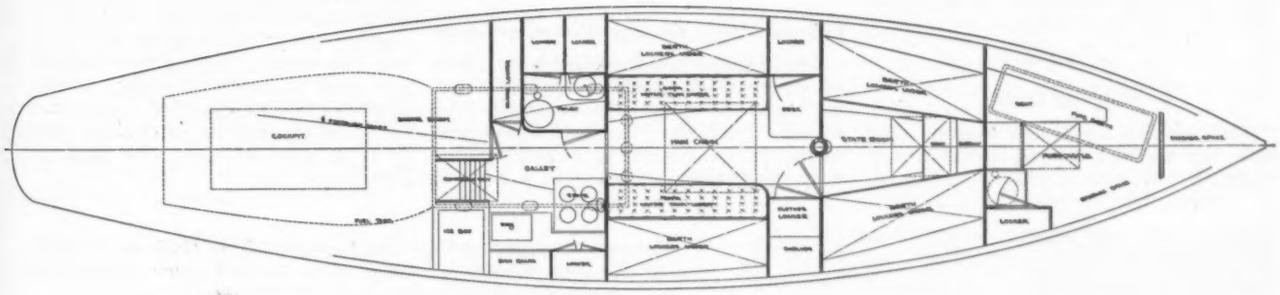


Lines and body plan of the ocean racer designed by Frederick R. Huntington

sail set flying, make for ease in handling light sails.

"The interior arrangement is quite conventional, with the toilet room on the port side aft, and the galley easily accessible on the starboard side. The main cabin, with two sofas and two berths, plus ample locker space, is located abaft the mast. Forward is a double stateroom with a watertight bulkhead between it and the forecastle. The forecastle has a pipe berth and separate toilet.

"The auxiliary motor is a 10 h.p. Junkers Diesel, which should drive her better than six miles an hour. Access to the motor compartment is had through the house aft, there being plenty of space and headroom for working around the motor." A comparison with designs under the new American rule will be interesting.



Cabin plan of the Huntington-designed ocean racer

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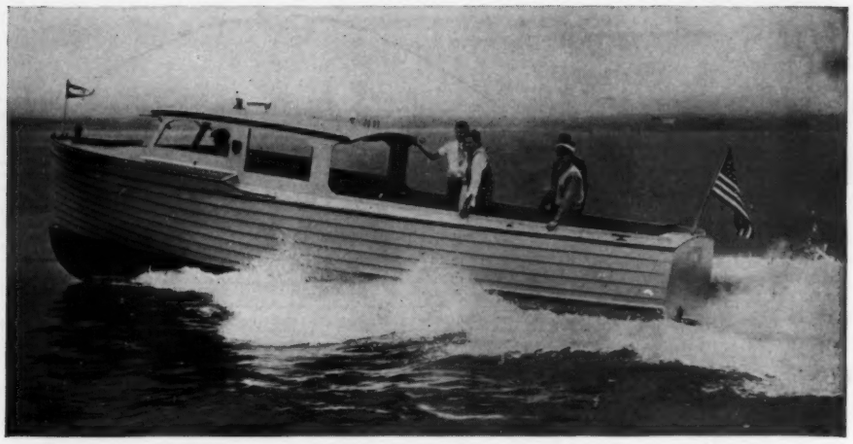
Antarctic Expedition Needs Books and Sextants

THE second Antarctic expedition headed by Admiral Byrd is to start in September of this year, and final preparations on the outfitting are now under way. In spite of the economic stringency of the past year, Admiral Byrd has been successful in obtaining the greater part of his equipment without appealing to the public for funds. We are advised, however, that the expedition is still in need of books for the use of the men, who will be forced to spend a whole winter in camp, in comparative inactivity. Reading is, of course, one of the chief means of passing the long winter night.

Any of the readers of YACHTING who have books to spare which they think would make an appeal to these men are asked to donate them to the expedition. As many as are received can be used, as the demand for reading matter is enormous.

The expedition is also in need of several more sextants, and the loan of these would be appreciated, we are informed. Anyone desirous of helping out in either of these ways is asked to communicate with the Byrd Antarctic Expedition II, United States Navy Yard, Boston, Mass., as soon as possible.

Of Interest to the Skipper



One of the new Wheeler models, a 30-foot sea skiff, powered with a 180 h.p. Sterling engine, which drives her better than 25 m.p.h.

A New Chris-Craft Utility Runabout

A NEW specially-designed 18-foot utility boat to sell at slightly less than $600 is in production at the Algonac factory of Chris-Craft Corporation, according to announcement by Jay W. Smith, President. The new craft is all mahogany and will have a top speed of 25 miles an hour.

Decreased draft, due to a new bottom design, greater molded depth, increased freeboard forward and aft, and wider beam are some of the features of this latest Chris-Craft. An unusual seating arrangement permits full access to the open cockpit for use of deck or lounge chairs.

Chris-Craft dealers in all parts of the country are reporting unusually heavy sales for this time of year, Mr. Smith reported, and factory deliveries have been increasing constantly to keep pace with this spurt in activity.

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Oshkosh Boats

Oshkosh Boats is a new boat building company recently formed in the city of Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Mr. George A. Nevitt will head this new organization which is building a line of small runabouts.

At present their stock design is a 19-footer which is built in three models, a standard runabout, a utility boat, and a small sedan. Each of these models is completely equipped with all accessories, cushions, flags, etc.

Oshkosh Boats will be powered with Universal motors, as standard equipment, various models being optional, depending on the speed desired.

Selling at an unusually reasonable price, these new boats should prove attractive to all boat buyers. Complete information and specifications may be obtained by writing to Oshkosh Boats, 160 Lake Drive, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

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Federal-Mogul Tru Pitch Propeller Gauge

Frequently pitch distortion is the cause of slower boat speeds, annoying vibration, and periods of noisy operation. The owner often blames the boat, the engine, or the shaft alignment for something that may be directly traceable to a bent or out-of-true blade, loose shaft fit, or an unbalanced wheel. The pitch gauge manufactured by the Federal-Mogul Corp., of Detroit, offers an accurate means of correcting such propeller troubles.

This new gauge will not only accurately check both right and left hand wheels for pitch, but it is designed to check the balance of the wheel and the size of the shaft bore. The gauge, complete with accessories and carrying case, sells for $30.

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Brennig's Own Gifts for the Yachtsman

For the yachtsman who wishes to add a finishing touch to his boat or for those friends of yachtsmen who are searching for gifts that will be nautically appropriate, Brennig's Own, Inc., have just the things in their cigarettes, matches, and playing cards which are made to order with the owner's flags, a reproduction of his yacht or any other design or sketch printed on them. Samples of these nautical novelties may be secured by writing to Brennig's Own, Inc., 501 Fifth Ave., New York.

The schooner "Asprild," at left, which her owner, E. R. Huffman, is sailing around the world. She is powered with a Gray Four-44 engine. Below, a new runabout built by Oshkosh Boats, and Universal powered

A Richardson Junior Cabin Utility boat arriving in New York at the end of the recent "sailaway" cruise from North Tonawanda, N. Y. She is powered with a Chrysler engine which gives her a speed of 19 m.p.h.

A New Depth Finder

To the yacht owner it is scarcely necessary to stress the value of obtaining accurate soundings, but sometimes this is rather difficult to accomplish with the ordinary lead line. However, Thos. Walker & Son, Ltd., of Birmingham, England, makers of nautical instruments which are familiar to all yachtsmen, have perfected a new depth finder, which, when submerged with the ordinary lead, records, on a gauge, the depth up to thirty fathoms.

The Harpoon depth finder, as it is named, consists of a small frame containing a small propeller which rotates as the lead descends, the number of revolutions being interpreted in fathoms on the dial to which the propeller is connected. On reaching bottom the rotor is automatically locked so that when it is pulled on deck it still registers the proper depth at the instant of sounding.

With thirty fathoms of line, a five-pound lead, and a compact box for stowing the instrument, the Harpoon depth finder sells at an attractive price and may be secured from the manufacturers or their numerous agents in this country.

"Marine Tips," A Booklet by Peirce & Kilburn

"Marine Tips," an exceedingly handy and useful little booklet containing information for yacht owners, was recently published by and may be secured from Peirce & Kilburn, Inc., of New Bedford, Mass. Attractively laid out and well illustrated, it includes a list of racing schedules for the season, tide tables, advice on the care and fitting out of yachts, rules of the road, the making of knots, weather information, and a list of radio stations which broadcast weather reports, together with sundry other information.

Good illustrations of the Peirce & Kilburn shipyard at New Bedford show their marine turntable, wet storage basin, and extensive facilities for giving prompt and thorough service to boat owners. Included in the plant is the well-known Peirce & Kilburn galley where skippers and crews can "mug up" and enjoy an interesting "gam" with fellow sailors. And if you want to see the art of marine photography at its best, a handsome exhibit of Albert Cook Church's prints are on display in the nautical lounging room.

Flameless Cigarette Lighter

The yachtsman who has tried to light damp matches in a high breeze, will find something of a boon in a new flameless cigarette lighter just developed by the Platinum Products Company, of 521 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The lighter has no wicks, flints, wheels or batteries and ignites a cigarette, cigar or pipe by the simple method of causing a small, inner element to glow when the outer cap is removed. A special fuel, which evaporates rapidly when exposed to the air, is the secret of the device.

Models for yachtsmen may be decorated with signal flags and burgees.

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All-Electric Outboard Announced

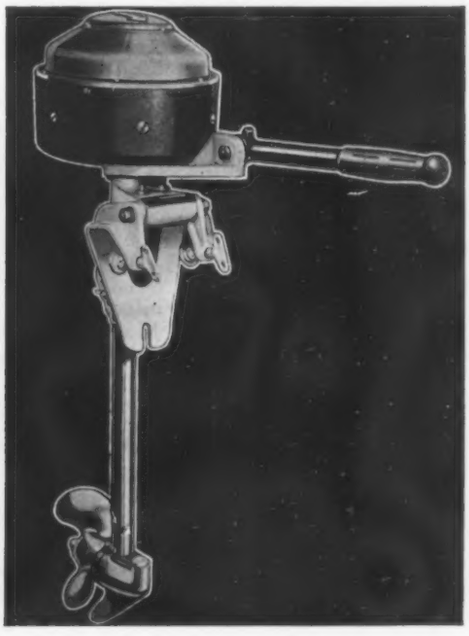
An All-Electric outboard motor has been placed on the market by Outboard Motors Corporation, of Milwaukee, manufacturers of Elto and Evinrude outboard motors. The All-Electric outboard consists principally of a lower propeller housing, similar to the standard outboard design, on which is mounted a very efficient, compact electric motor. It fits any boat which will take an outboard motor, and propels it in the same general way.

Current is supplied by two automotive type storage batteries, each of about 135 ampere hour capacity. These operate the motor at 12 volts for a period of 4 to 5 hours, giving an average round bottomed rowboat a speed of approximately 4½ miles per hour. At 6 volts these batteries will operate the motor for 8 to 10 hours at a speed of approximately 3 miles per hour.

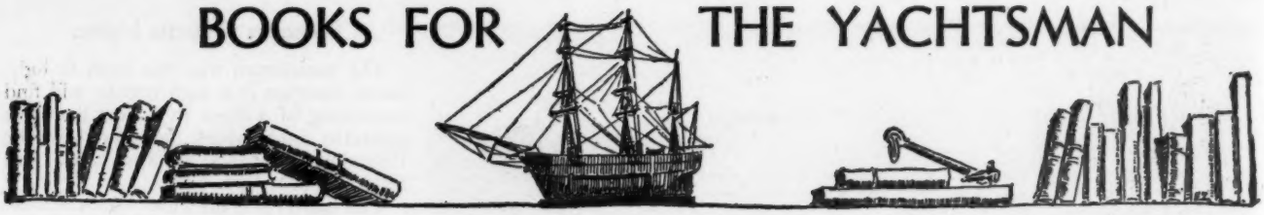
The recharging of the batteries is a simple matter. They need not be removed from the boat, as the recharging can be conveniently done over night merely by connecting a charger to a light socket in the boathouse. The cost of operation is very low.

An attractive folder giving further details is now available and will be sent on request by writing to Outboard Motors Corporation, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

A Lodge custom-built Torpedo seen at the Chicago Motor Boat Show. She is 28 feet long and is powered with a 150 h.p. Scripps engine which drives her 42 m.p.h. At right, the new All-Electric outboard built by the Outboard Motors Corporation



BOOKS FOR THE YACHTSMAN



All Hands

By L. Luard

(*The Bodley Head, London. $2.50*)

LIEUTENANT LUARD, part owner of *Maitenes II*, and writer of a popular variety of sea story, has given us another book, *All Hands*. The collection includes six stories of an amateur yachtsman's experience with weather and personalities. Another, unaccountably written in play form, narrates a hazardous episode of life aboard a British submarine during the late war.

Apparently all but one of these stories are autobiographical, and consequently possess a certain lively interest which is present in most journalistic accounts of personal experience. In fact, Luard's use of the journalistic technique saves all but two of the stories in *All Hands*, and makes the book good reading for a lazy afternoon on deck. In some passages the book may be also called instructive.

"Down North," the opening story of the collection, is to this reviewer's mind, ruined by luxuriant diction. Words sweep majestically into the ridiculous at moments when simple terms would give us the vivid and powerful impressions which the author has so obviously dusted off his lexicon to describe.

The last two stories of the collection, "Ocean Racers" and "Atlantic Circle," are well worth the price of the book. In these two stories, Luard describes, in every-day words, events which are extremely interesting to those of us who harbor unsatisfied passions for conquering big water in small boats. "Atlantic Circle," especially, is a highly convincing report of the Transatlantic race of 1931, told from Lieutenant Luard's own perspective as skipper of the *Maitenes II*.

DELL HARPER

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Ten Small Yachts

By Maurice Griffiths

(*Edward Arnold & Co., London. $2.50*)

THE average Briton likes to tell about the boats he has owned and loved in much the same way as American yachtsmen like to talk about their yachts. But the British, as a race, seem more discursive, and hence we get more books on yachts and cruises from Great Britain than we seem to get from publishers in this country.

Ten Small Yachts is the latest book of this character to come to hand. It is by Maurice Griffiths, Editor of *Yachting Monthly*, who tells about the several different yachts he has owned in a long cruising career. These boats varied from two to twelve tons, and in age from twelve to sixty years. In all of them he had adventure, and from each he has added to his store of knowledge of boats and of the sea.

The result is a book full of practical information of interest to all yachtsmen. The author has had experience of South and East Coast and deep-sea sailing, in small yachts of many designs and rigs — converted open ship's boat, barge yacht, bawley, Colchester smack, sloop, cutter, and yawl, both keel and centerboard.

He has a fund of useful things to say on design, accommodation, gear, ballast, engines, and seamanship in general, and he devotes a special chapter to the ever-green question of rig.

The photographs and pen-and-ink drawings are by the author.

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Paradise Cove

By Alfred F. Loomis

(*D. Appleton — Century Company, 1933. $2.00*)

IT WAS to be expected that when Alfred Loomis turned his hand to writing a novel that the story would have to do with yachts and sailors. But whereas most novels in which the scene is laid at sea, or on a yacht, are unconvincing to a sailor or to one who has done much cruising, *Paradise Cove* makes one feel that the author knows his yachts and his cruising yachtsmen. In other words, one feels that he has really been there.

Most of the characters in *Paradise Cove* are fanatics on the subject of the sea and of boats. They all sail, and most of the ingredients that go into the making of a novel — love, passion, snappy dialogue — are here woven about a family whose main interest is sailing. Except for one crabbing landlubber, all of the characters make an appeal to the sailor, and the heroine, Ann Eden, is a lass to whom any yachtsman would be glad to be spliced, as one of the fraternity is in the end. However, the Eden home is a "house of madmen," and the story moves swiftly, if not too deeply, throughout its salty course.

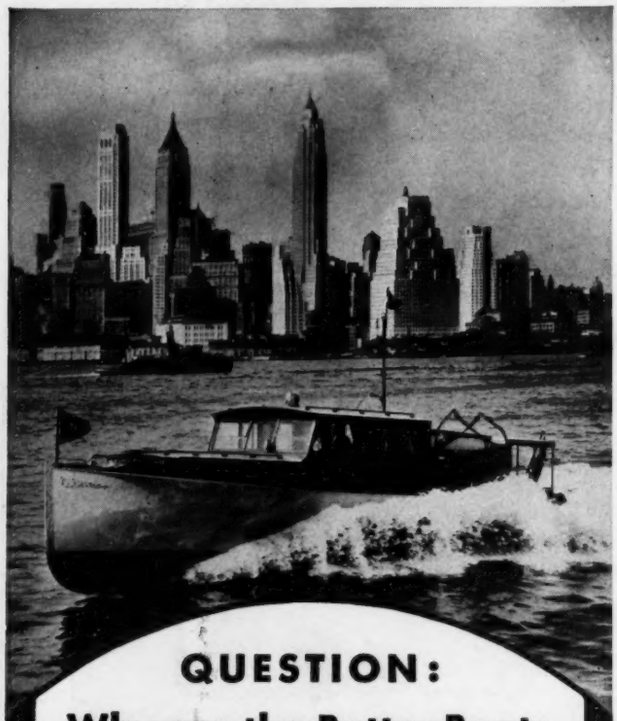
Paradise Cove is a bit of light reading that yachtsmen will enjoy and that will help to while away a long afternoon or an evening below while at anchor in some snug harbor. It is a bit brutal, perhaps, in some of its dialogue and in some of its scenes, but, then, sailors were never renowned for kid glove manners or repression of speech. And, as always, Mr. Loomis makes his story interesting.

Only a beer that excels all others in unvarying goodness could achieve nation wide acceptance as the best of the better beers. Wherever you go, you'll find Pabst Blue Ribbon recognized as the beer of outstanding quality.

PABST BLUE RIBBON

Best of the Better Beers

© 1933 by P-P Corp.



QUESTION:

Why are the Better Boats EDWARD SMITH Finished ?

EACH year at City Island, at Marblehead, at all the better yards throughout the country, you will see job after job of Edward Smith Deck Paints. Yard men who know the real economy of quality materials and workmanship, who wouldn't dip a brush into anything but the best, use Edward Smith yacht paints and varnishes as a matter of habit and policy. They, like Edward Smith, are carrying on a tradition that permits no compromise.

Edward Smith is a hundred year old name in yachting. From the first it has stood for owner satisfaction — the basis upon which it will continue to serve the yachtsmen of America.

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Makers of Marine Paints and Varnishes since 1827

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Aquatite Spar Coating
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Deck Paints
Yacht White and Black

All purpose Bottom Bronze Paint
Cruising Bottom Green
Hard Racing Bottom Paints in green, red, white, blue, bronze.

A Fast Passage in the "Parma"

(*Continued from page 51*)

cept the discovery of a stowaway and maybe the presence of two girl 'prentices, if that is an incident. The Old Man said we had one woman aboard last year and came in with 103 days; this year two women and 83 days; next year maybe we'll have an all-women crew and come in with 70 days — or not at all! . . . But I hope on the strength of this that young women won't go writing to me for jobs. He didn't mean it. We didn't see any ice, though the *Penang*, *Olivebank*, *Priwall*, and *Archibald Russell* all had a mighty tough time and were nearly lost. The *Herzogin Cecilie* was amongst fifteen bergs one day.

We had a good crew this time, though there were only two a.. b's. We had about 32 all told, including the stowaway and a passage-worker and two girls. We were in luck as a matter of fact as the stowaway was a sailor and the passage-worker a darn good carpenter. Even the girls worked — though nobody dared tell them (or at least order them) to do anything they didn't want! Our Americans were fine, the boy and the girl both. They have to go on to Finland with the ship before they can go home on leave. Americans have a good name in the *Parma*, with Lambert Knight, Hilgard Pannes, and the little girl from Bay Ridge.

The ship is discharging in Hull now and will probably then go over to Mariehamn to lay up. There isn't anything doing. Gee, it would be grand if we could get some business bringing us to New York!

The *Pamir* had 92 days this year and *Cecilie* 115, with *Priwall* 106. So we had a good enough margin. Well, I think the Old Man deserves his wonderful passage, and so does everyone else who has ever served under him. He talks about going home to a chicken farm now, but we will see. There are sixteen chickens in the *Parma:* maybe that'll be his farm again. Leastways, I wouldn't be surprised.

ALAN VILLIERS

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Oh, For the Life of an Inspector!

(*Continued from page 54*)

some instances they were emphatic in their condemnation of certain requirements which they regarded as unnecessary or over-strict. But, once convinced that an attempt was being made to enforce the laws in a fair and impartial manner, they did not permit personal views to prevent their complete coöperation.

In an effort to be as considerate of the yacht clubs as I felt they were of me, I made it a practice never to operate in the vicinity of a club regatta or other gala marine event. This entailed some sacrifice as, on such occasions, there were often as many as a hundred motor boats gathered within a small area under conditions that would have enabled me to carry out my work quickly and with a minimum of effort.

I felt, however, that even if I refrained from actual inspection activities, my presence in the neighborhood might lessen the enjoyment of the occasion for many of those in attendance. Obviously, I could not allow my practice in this respect to become known. Hence it is altogether likely that throughout my period of service notice was never taken by boat owners of the fact that I was habitually absent from the immediate scene of a regatta or other spectacle.

Any reference to a yacht club invariably revives in my memory the details of the violation case that probably afforded me the greatest personal satisfaction. It so happened that the boat in question was the first I

FIRST Puff ENJOYMENT

It's no fun to be fooled when you're craving smoke satisfaction. Lektrolite defies the wind, the storm, and the acrid rasp of the sulphur match. Lights *instantly* and *always*.

*

Lektrolite has made a social debut in the pockets and homes of smart New Yorkers who abhor caloused finger tips, blisters, and dickering with lighter mechanics. Really, old fashioned "lighters" are so passé!

*

Gift giving is a keen delight when you can give the unusual. 1933's perfect gift for the Birthday, favors, bridge prizes and what have you, is a Lektrolite. Incidentally, why not give yourself one? After all, you're your own best friend!

*

If all the "lighters" hidden in thirty million desk drawers were laid end to end... they'd reach the heights of ridiculousness. But seriously, you can trade in your old "lighter" toward a 1933 stream line Lektrolite. Rolls Royce does it, why can't we? Lektrolite on exhibit "Century of Progress", General Exhibits Bldg., Chicago.

LEKTROLITE

The FLAMELESS Mystery Lighter

Lektrolite borrows the firefly's magic and produces a *new* smoking delight. Simply lift the cap and there's a soft glow ready to light your cigarette, cigar or pipe with first inhalation.

No mechanism, no batteries, no gadgets, no tricks.

How does it work? Forgive us, but that's our secret. However, we guarantee it absolutely for *at least* a year. Catalog on request. Prices are from

$5 to $200

The smart shops listed here carry Lektrolites.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE, *New York*
BENSON & HEDGES, *New York*
A. G. SPALDING & BROS., *New York*
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO., *New York*
B. ALTMAN & CO., *New York*
BROOKS BROTHERS, *New York*
MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago*
ALEXANDER & OVIATT, *Los Angeles*
BULLOCKS-WILSHIRE, *Los Angeles*
J. E. CALDWELL & CO., *Philadelphia*
SCHREVE, CRUMP & LOW, *Boston*

*

Lektrolites are modernly conceived in fashionable enamels and smart metals including silver, gold and platinum. If you want real swank, you can have your initials or club insignia engraved on a Lektrolite at slight additional cost. Remember, we will trade in your old "lighter" and if your dealer doesn't carry Lektrolite, use this convenient coupon.

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Gentlemen:

Please send me ..... Dynamique Lektrolites, Model R, at $7.50 each. I agree to pay the Postman upon delivery.

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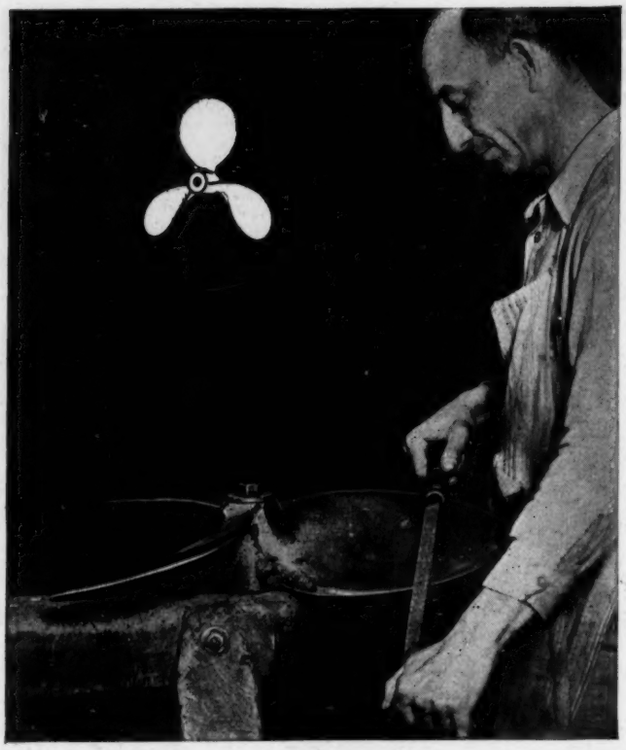
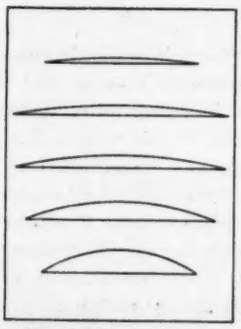
TRADE IN YOUR OLD "LIGHTER" FOR A LEKTROLITE



HAND FILING COSTS MONEY . . . BUT IT'S WORTH IT

The backs of all Hyde Blades are hand filed. The front surfaces are flat and can be satisfactorily ground and polished by power. But so important is a perfect graduation on the back, from edge to center line of blade and from hub to tip, that Hyde trusts only the sure method . . . *hand filing.* Perfect contour of the blade means greater efficiency through easy entrance, minimized water disturbance and even distribution of driving thrust.



Hand filing results in perfect Blade Sections

HYDE WINDLASS COMPANY
Bath, Maine

Dealers everywhere carry ample stocks

Send for this free booklet, "Propeller Efficiency." It will tell you why Hyde Propellers often increase the speed of a boat and always get home safely.

HYDE
PROPELLERS

boarded in my career as inspector. I hailed the craft as she was approaching her club landing at the end of a day's cruise. The moment I stepped aboard it was clear that the passengers were tired and impatient to get ashore. In an effort to delay the party as little as possible, I foolishly rushed through the procedure with the result that I forgot to ask to be shown the fog horn.

Waiting long enough for me to get out of hearing distance, the owner of the vessel called the attention of his companions to my negligence and gleefully announced that the fog horn was the one piece of required equipment that the craft lacked. During the next few days this man made it his business to tell practically everybody he met at the yacht club of what he chose to term "the dumbness of the inspector." Thereafter, whenever I boarded a motor boat owned by a member of that particular club, it was quite the usual thing for the operator jocosely to ask: "Do you look at fog horns, too, inspector?"

On several occasions during the weeks that followed, I saw in navigation the craft whose owner had taken such pains to broadcast the details concerning my inauspicious start as an inspector. Each time, however, I carefully refrained from stopping the vessel. Finally I came upon her one day as she was carrying perhaps twice as many persons as she had on board ordinarily. At once I hailed the boat. No sooner was I aboard than I knew from the look on the owner's face that I had bided my time well. I was not surprised, therefore, when my inspection revealed that the craft lacked not only a fog horn but also a bell and several life-saving devices.

Beckoning me aside from his guests, the owner pleaded: "You aren't going to report me, are you, inspector?"

"Of course not," I answered. "I'm not going to tell a soul except the Secretary of Commerce and maybe the boys at the yacht club."

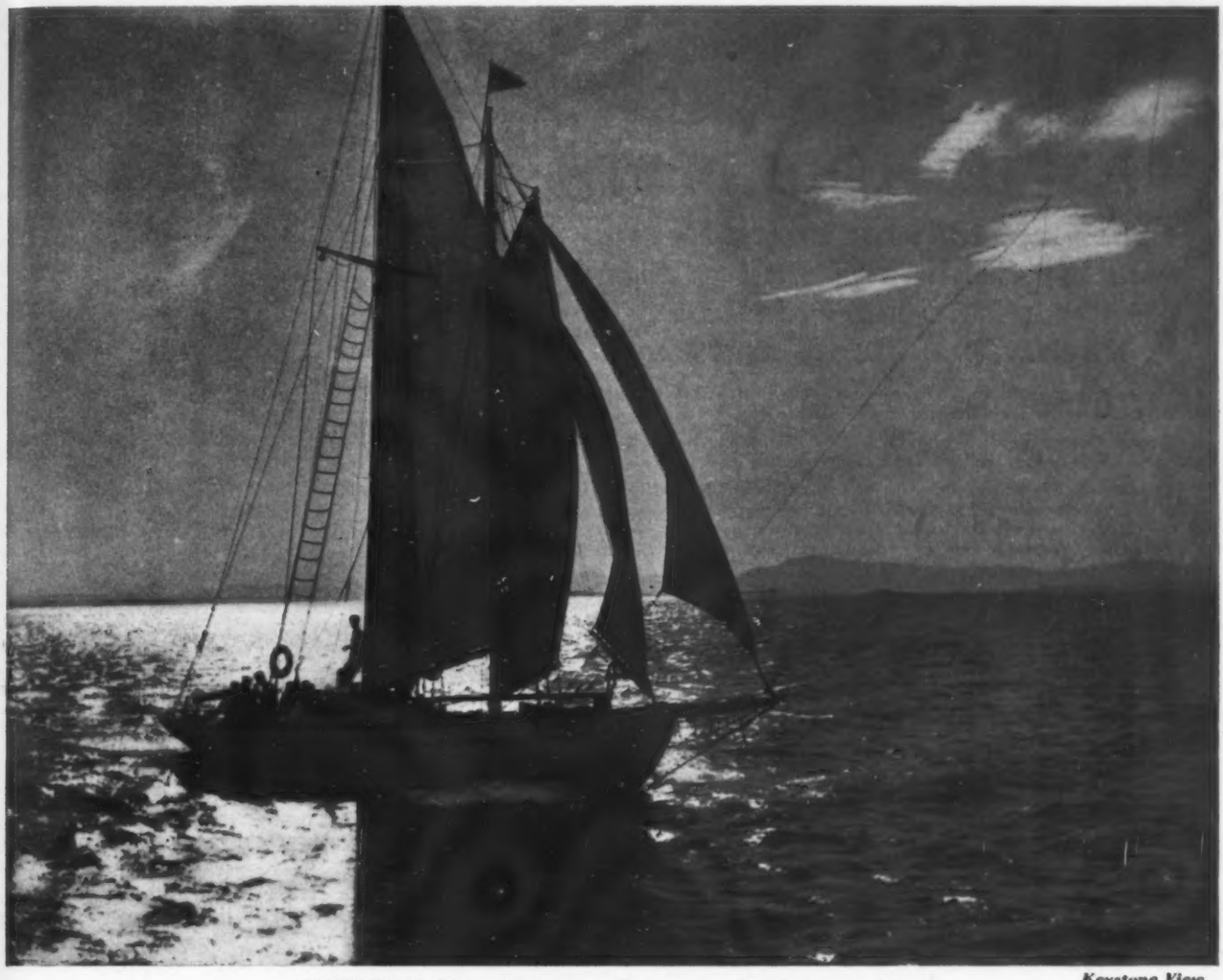
The incident that provided me with the longest laugh occurred, on the other hand, shortly after my resignation from the Federal service. Hastening through a crowded railroad terminal, I almost collided with a man whose craft I had boarded many times. Halting, he extended his hand and said: "I'm sorry we won't be seeing you around any more."

"In many ways," I replied, "I'm sorry myself. But tell me, how do the boys like my successor?"

For a moment, the man merely stared at me. Then he exploded: "Of all the blankety-blank inspectors I ever met, he's the blankety-blankest I ever want to meet. I think he'd turn you in for not having the brass work shined."

To the boat owner's surprise, I was seized with uncontrollable laughter. "Do you know who the inspector is?" I chuckled. "He's my brother." And so he was.

But I was laughing not so much at my informer's impending embarrassment as at the thought of what my brother would have said, had he overheard the conversation. For I happen to know that my successor experiences genuine regret every time he finds it necessary to report an offending boat owner. That, however, is one of the things I expect no boat owner to believe.



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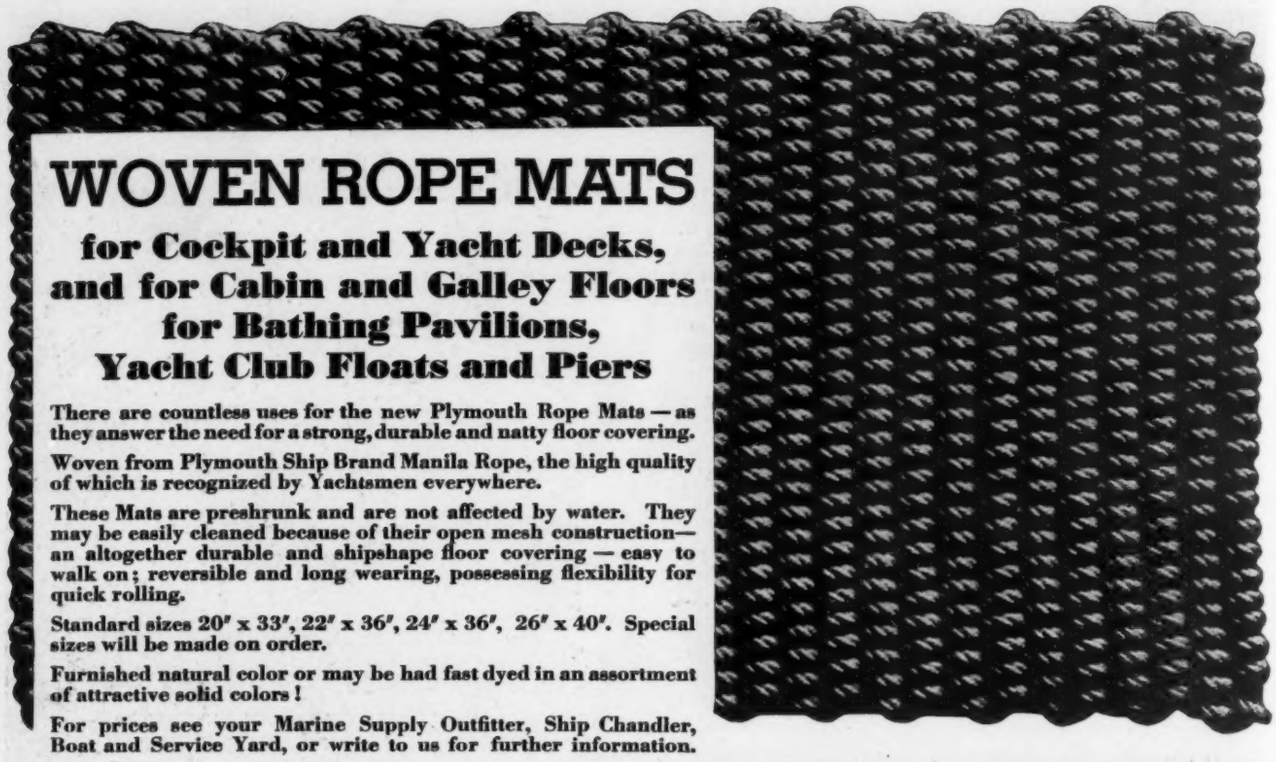

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THE ROPE YOU CAN TRUST

The Intercollegiate Series

(*Continued from page 55*)

of the five races and finished a close second to O'Dell in the fourth race after overstanding the finish line because of a shift of wind. That Williams failed to give Dartmouth at least a good rub for the title was due to the equally consistent performance of the other Williams crew, which finished last every time.

It wasn't typical Long Island Sound sailing weather in the series held off the Larchmont Yacht Club June 14th and 15th. The wind was northerly and easterly most of the time instead of southwest, but no sou'wester was ever more fluky or unpredictable than the weather of those two days, and it is greatly to the credit of the leading skippers that they were able to do such consistent work under the conditions.

Time and again the race committee, headed by James D. Sparkman, laid out a triangular or a windward and leeward course only to have the wind haul around after the start, but in every race, fortunately, it hauled far enough to give a good beat to windward on one leg of the course — sometimes on more than one. At times, especially in the last race, the fleet would string out for a mile or more, and then a shift would bring the tail-enders up with the leaders and the latter had to start all over again. But no matter what happened, when they got straightened out again and came up to the finish line, there were Gaynor and O'Dell out in front, or thereabouts.

There was a mixed lot of boats in the fleet. It is no easy job to borrow a dozen Atlantics, or any other one-design boats, in these times. Cornell, which is a member of the Intercollegiate Y.R.A. and hitherto has been a regular contestant in these championships, was unable to get boats and did not come down. There was, naturally, a decided difference in the ten boats that raced. *Margot*, *Pastime*, which Bill Cudahy sailed for Harvard, and a few more, were faster than the average, and some, notably *Nereid*, in which the second Williams crew plodded around, were much slower.

Some of the favorites were sadly surprised in this series. Princeton had already won two legs on the McMillan Trophy, and had the same skippers, Bill Crow and Pete Cumming, who did so well for the Tigers last year. Crow is a former Sound Atlantic Class champion and Cumming a star from Marion, Mass., but neither did much in this series. Bill Cudahy and Frank Young, of Harvard, were the skippers who won last year's series, and were ranked as the favorites this year.

Then again there were the Yale skippers, Larry Reybine, who shines in Star Class, Frostbite and other activities around Long Island Sound, and Jim Mertz, another Sound skipper, who is sailing instructor at the American Yacht Club. Between them they finished in last place for the series. Both are able skippers, but perhaps they have been sailing on the Sound so long that they have fallen victims to the habit of always going after a southerly, which wasn't the thing to do on this occasion.

The Dartmouth skippers, though they do their studying on the granite hills of New Hampshire, did not learn their sailing there. There is no sailing in Hanover, though when the river isn't too high there is a certain amount of canoe paddling on the Connecticut River, above the dam. O'Dell, the leading Dartmouth skipper, once lived in New Rochelle and was master and owner of a racing yacht in the Wee Scot Class. He was also a predecessor of Mertz as instructor at the American Yacht Club. Farnum, his running mate, is a Great Lakes sailor who has been competing for years in the "R" Class, off Rochester, and has a lot of silverware to show for his activity. Gaynor, who beat them both as far as individual boat scores went, sails Atlantics in the summer at the Black Rock Yacht Club. So intercollegiate yachting really depends on the summer activities of the collegians after all.

Papeete's Water Front Up to Date

(Continued from page 43)

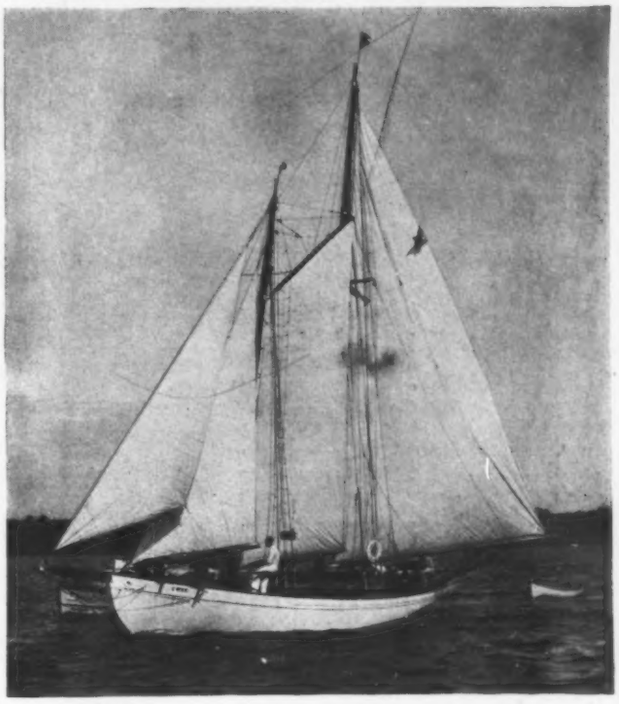
tossing, surmount the accommodations (or lack of them) and overcome the odors of any ship that sails the sea, on any ocean and in any weather. In certain quarters I'm known as "rubber gut" for the hardiness of my stomach when under stress. "Gutta percha gut" would be more appropriate I think, since having tested it thoroughly on the *Taareu*. I'm not boasting. I'm stating this purely out of admiration for those hardy Polynesian sailors who make this trip night after night — in any weather. Fish odor and gasoline fumes mixed — not to mention another odor that arises from amongst the weak-stomached gentry, native and "popaa" alike, soon after the *Taareu* hits the open sea and starts her little quick-time dance all the way to Tahiti.

Marcellin *Amaru* owns and is the skipper of the *Taareu*. Matahaira, expert amateur barber and formerly village wit of Faatoai, is the engineer. The crew is composed of any of those hardy Faatoains who happen to be about the wharf at Faatoai when the *Taareu* sails and who are only too eager to serve as crew for the pleasure of the trip to Tahiti and back again. Marcellin was only a boy when I saw him last. But that was many years ago, and he has grown into a resourceful man. He left his home in Moorea, much to the consternation of his family and relatives, and ran away to sea to have a "look-see" at the world. He saw the world all right, mostly through a hull port. He shipped on a tramp steamer out of Papeete in some minor capacity. In various other capacities, usually as trimmer, oiler, etc., but most always below decks, he worked his way to Europe and back to Tahiti again. He worked much, saw much and learned much. He went away a boy, but he came back a man, one with quite a knowledge of tools and machinery. Now he's the owner and skipper of the most important schooner in Moorea. He is married, has two children and is one of Faatoai's most solid citizens. Being a relative of the old chief, he has taken over the old chief's house in Faatoai, fallen into ruin since the death of the chief many years ago. Marcellin, mostly with his own hands, has made the house one of the finest in Moorea.

But here, we can't hang around the waterfront too long. It's become the haunt of too many "popaa" beach-combers. A "popaa," for your information, is any white man or outlander. It's rarely that you're "braced" in Papeete. You never were in the old days. But now and then these gentry put the "touch" on you when you first arrive. You then still have that new look about you that wears off only after several weeks in Tahiti. How these creatures get into Tahiti, with all the precautions the government has taken to keep them out, is a mystery. Most have skipped from the tramp steamers that put in at rare intervals. They streak out for the districts and there, through one subterfuge or another, live on the credulity of the country native. A harmonica well played, a few simple tricks of magic, such as coin-palming, is all the capital that's needed for a flop on a veranda and a meal or so before moving on to the next village. There is only one road on the island and that leads completely around it, eventually of course, bringing the ship jumper back to Papeete. Here he hides for a time and then, gradually getting bolder, emerges into daylight and makes a meager living by putting the "bee" on tourists on steamer day, or on the newly arrived "popaa" after the steamer has gone.

Here comes one now. He is "sizing" me up out of the corner of his eye. But out of the corner of mine I see him also and I'm going to beat him to it. He is sidling toward me and I'm edging clear. I'm on my way. See you the next time I come to town.

On the "AMBERJACK II"



only the best would do

WHILE Paul Rust's forty-five foot Lawley built schooner "AMBERJACK II" was being fitted out at Fred Dion's Salem shipyard last Spring it was rumored that the President of the United States might sail her on his vacation cruise. It was noticed that every item of equipment was selected with painstaking care. Only the best would do.

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M. M. DAVIS & SON

For Three Generations Custom Builders of Fine Yachts

SOLOMONS MARYLAND

The Magnetic Compass

(*Continued from page 47*)

emphatically that every yachtsman familiarize himself with the type of compass he owns. Ignorance in this particular has been known to ruin an otherwise good instrument.

There is, however, another circumstance of which the yachtsman should apprise himself. As soon as a bubble develops its cause should be investigated. After he has made sure that the bubble has not been caused by a leak either in the expansion chamber or around the gasket of the glass, he may proceed to take the bubble out of the compass. By taking out the three small screws found on the lower side of the bowl, the bottom or base of the instrument should be removed. (This base, as a rule, consists of a heavy weight of lead or brass which acts as a pendulum on the compass and keeps it in a horizontal position. Underneath this base the expansion chamber will be found.) The compass is then set on edge so that the small plug which covers the filling hole is on top. Remove the plug carefully, making sure that the gasket is in good condition. If it is not, replace it with a new one. Fill a small eye-dropper with the liquid required, compress the expansion chamber *about half*, and, with the dropper, pour the liquid into the filling hole until it overflows. Insert the plug in the hole and screw it tightly down. The yachtsman will find that a little practice of this kind soon will make him adept in correcting this bubble difficulty.

There is one circumstance, however, against which the yachtsman must be cautioned. He should, under no circumstances, attempt to remove the bubble himself when a leak develops in the diaphragm of the expansion chamber or around the gasket. This condition demands highly skilled handling of the instrument. The yachtsman will find it advantageous to send the compass without delay to a first-class instrument house for repair.

\+ + +

Tuning-Up and Driving the Racing Motor Boat

(*Continued from page 37*)

be a large one when the speed is figured from the average of the times.

The slip of the propeller should then be calculated from the speed, the revolutions, and the pitch of the propeller. For the method of figuring the slip, refer to some of the articles which have been published in YACHTING on propellers, as space is too limited to go into this here. If the slip is excessive for the type of boat, try a wheel somewhat larger in diameter and of a little less pitch. And do not be afraid to try another one marked by the manufacturer as having the same diameter and pitch, for experience shows that propellers which are almost identical *do* have a different action at very high speeds. Sometimes a gain of more than two miles an hour can be obtained simply by using another propeller of the same make, the same diameter and pitch — all due to minor differences in the shape of the cross sections of the blade.

The time trials can be carried on indefinitely. Investigations of the proper temperature of the oil and the cooling water in order to get the most out of the motor are important. Tests for the size of the carburetor jets, the spark advance, and the action of different types of plugs are all matters which should be investigated and the results carefully noted. But even-

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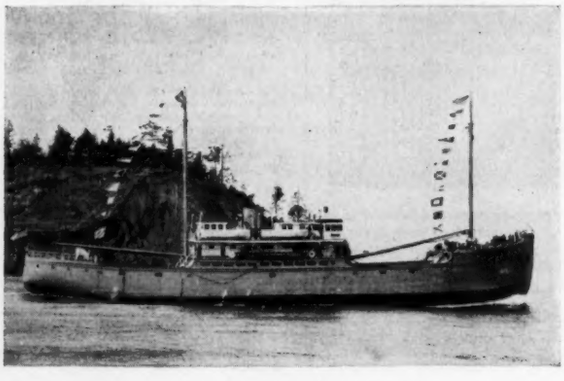

tually a point will be reached where no gains in speed can be obtained.

Again, another word of warning. Of late years there has arisen a group which worships the tachometer. They prefer to see an extra hundred "revs on the tach" than to cut a second off the time over the mile. In the final analysis it is the stop watch which is the court of last resort and the tachometer readings are only incidental. Speed over the course is what you must get regardless of what the tachometer reads.

With an experienced driver at the wheel, the boat has been tried out on turns long before now. But the testing of the boat on the turns of the course should be undertaken in earnest. Boats differ greatly in their turning ability. And with different boats the best method of getting around the turns must be suited to the boat rather than any hard and fixed rule followed. But, in general, if a very short turn is to be made — a hair-pin turn — it is usually best to drive full speed right up to the point of the turn, take the foot off the throttle, swing the boat sharply into the turn and, as she swings, feed her gas just as fast as she will take it. After a few trials even a green driver can get the feel of this and can get around in good shape.

When the turns are easier — such as the turn on the Detroit Gold Cup course near the Belle Isle bridge — the throttle can be held wide open all the way around without any trouble. But if this is attempted on a hair-pin turn, the boat is sure to hop sideways and give the crew a ride. As the driver gains experience with his boat the speeds can be raised to the point where these side hops are in evidence, but not dangerous. Almost every boat does it more or less, so she should not be condemned for it.

Some of the motor builders do not seem to appreciate the magnitude of centrifugal force when the boat is on a turn. Unless the carburetors are so designed and placed on the motor that gas will feed when on a turn, centrifugal force will throw the gas away from the nozzles and the motor may back-fire, or refuse to pick up on the turn. Cases have occurred in which the boat has actually stopped. The float bowl should be so set that centrifugal force does not change the level of the fuel at the nozzles. Races are won or lost in the pick-up on the turns.

Practice in timing the start must be carried on with every boat after she is put in racing trim. Here, just as in the working out of the boat over the straight measured course, the stop watch is all-important. The driver selects some known point on the actual course over which he is to race and finds exactly how many seconds it will take to hit the line after he has gained full speed. By all means, try to go over the line at full speed as closely after the gun as possible. More races are won or lost right on the line than anywhere else on the course. Provided boats are of about the same speed, the boat first over the line will surely win unless it breaks down or drops in speed. A competent driver should be able to hit the starting line within two seconds of the starting gun and, if expert, he can cut this to a fraction of a second. Check the stop watch with the chronometer used by the committee and rely on your own time instead of following some competitor.

During the races the mechanic, in addition to his other duties, should watch the other boats and should signal their position to the driver by means of some prearranged code. The driver should not take his eyes off the course ahead of him during the race. A small piece of driftwood, which might easily be avoided if he is alert and watching where he is heading, can easily lose a race for which months of preparation have been made. If other boats are ahead, a capsize might be a fatal mishap if he is not looking ahead every instant.

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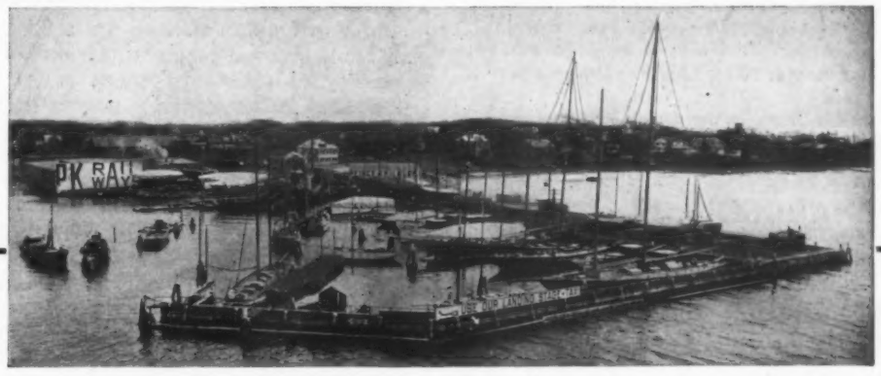

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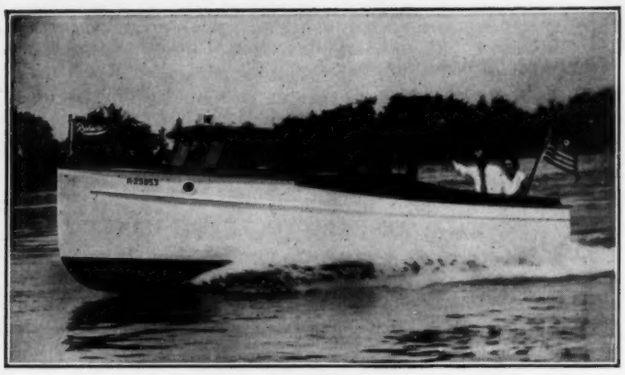

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SO MUCH cruiser value for so few dollars is offered in Richardson "Little Giant" that she's the talk of yachtsmen everywhere.

From the British West Indies, from Canada, from the East, South and the West come the orders from experienced yachtsmen who want the most cruiser for the fewest dollars.

Lest you forget "Little Giant," 22' long, 7' 6" beam and 22" draft, has a cockpit large enough for eight or ten people. The deck house cabin, with *full headroom throughout*, has two berths, stove, sink, clothes locker, wheelsman seat and controls. The toilet room is beneath the forward deck. Every inch of space in "Little Giant" is used so that she's as large as many 26 and 28 footers built less than a decade ago. 3" White Oak keel, 1⅛" x 1⅜" White Oak ribs, ⅞" Cedar planking and Mahogany superstructure make her serviceable for a lifetime. Powered with a Gray Model C-4 motor for 15 M.P.H. she's fast enough to go places.

Be sure to see "Little Giant" at the dealers listed below or send for folder illustrating and describing this exceptional cruiser value.

RICHARDSON JR.
(26' x 8' 2" x 2' 4")

and

RICHARDSON CRUISABOUTS
(32' x 9' x 2' 6")

are big, burly, beautiful and have every convenience for comfort. Seventeen arrangements in two sizes. Prices from $1295 to $4385. Folder F-33 illustrating and describing various models mailed on request.

See these dandy Richardsons at:

Bruns-Kimball & Co.
5th Ave. & 15th St.
New York City

Walter H. Moreton Corp.
1043 Commonwealth Ave.
Boston, Mass.

C. P. Amory
C. & M. Bank Bldg.
Newport News, Va.

Stadium Yacht Basin, Inc.
Foot of West Third St.
Cleveland, Ohio

Syracuse Boat Corp.
S. Saline St.
Syracuse, N. Y.

Allmand & French, Inc.
6460 E. Jefferson Ave.
Detroit, Mich.

Flood Gate Motor Boat Sales Agency
14th & Water Sts.
Washington, D. C.

The Barret Co.
112 So. 2nd St.
Louisville, Ky.

Michigan Marine Mart
627 West Main St.
Benton Harbor, Mich.

RICHARDSON BOAT COMPANY, INC.
369 Sweeney Street North Tonawanda, N. Y.

RICHARDSON CRUISABOUTS

In case two boats are ahead and are almost side by side, avoid steering a course between them. Select one or the other and follow in that wake. There is no place where the danger is as great as in the space between two leading boats where the wakes meet and form a ridge of water. That ridge is the cause of most of the upsets during a race. If the two leading boats are doing tricks and are working in league with each other, they can increase or lessen the distance between them and, as that distance changes, the spot where the two wakes meet rushes ahead at terrific speed as the distance between the boats decreases, and drops back as they draw farther apart. These changes are so rapid that no helmsman, be he ever so skilful, can retain control of his boat if he tries to ride the ridge between the wakes of the two boats ahead of him. Pick out one boat and stay in her wake until there is a chance to break through somehow.

Another caution — this article seems to be full of cautions which are so evident that mentioning them is almost needless. Do not run the boat to death before the race. Even in the outboard class, as well as in the larger classes, you may see a driver who goes out and runs what is practically the whole race before the start and then breaks down after covering half the actual race. When the boat is running as she should, save her in every way possible. Racing motors have a limited life, and unneccessary practice at full speed may decrease this life so that the break-up comes before the actual race is finished.

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Rutgers is Intercollegiate Champion

(*Continued from page 57*)

third with 2,216 points. Carlisle was the Class B winner and Van Deman cleaned up in Class A.

No better indication of the skill of the drivers and the quality of their equipment could be asked than the fact that in the face of generally unfavorable conditions six association records were broken, one of them twice. Only the Class F records escaped oblivion. The new records and their holders are:

Interscholastic — Class A: Tom Tyson, Springfield Township High, Pa., 31.293; Phil Bowers, Phillips Andover Academy, 34.246. Class B: Louis G. Carlisle, Pomfret School, 37.190. Class C: George F. Hoag, Rouses Point, N. Y., High, 43.457.

Intercollegiate — Class A: James Nunneley, Michigan, 33.088. Class B: Nunneley, 42.155. Class C: Nunneley, 43.827.

A fresh southerly breeze whipped Lake Hopatcong into a broken jumble of whitecaps on the first day of the regatta and matters were complicated by a pronounced tendency on the part of runabout drivers to kick up wash all over the course. After half of the program had been carried out with a steadily growing list of casualties, the officials called a halt. The postponed events were run off early the next day before the wind came up and the runabout owners discovered what was going on. It was during this comparatively ideal period that most of the records fell.

As an example of how dangerously the runabouts were handled, one of them, speeding across the southern turn of the course just as a closely bunched, wide-throttled field of college Class F drivers tore into it, wrecked three outfits. Herman Stewart, of Amherst, went upside down and ruined his engine in the spill. Bob Klintworth, of Michigan, was thrown overboard and his boat ran wild until run down by a patrol unit. Phil Ellsworth's hull came down on the runabout's wash with such a crash that its timbers and frames

SATISFACTION!

Read the letter! It is one of many that bring concrete proof of what we have always told you — that, for motor boats, big and little, choose a Buda! Mr. Handy has met real sea conditions with his boat, the "Spindrift," and his Buda has never failed him.

Budas are engineered and *built* for marine service and behind them is the conscientious service of the entire Buda organization. Buda offers a complete line of engines from 48 to 121 H.P. to choose from. Furnished with or without reduction gear. Replaceable valve seats. Full pressure lubrication to all main bearings, crankshaft bearings, piston pins and reverse gear.

Why not let us help you with your engine problem? Tell us about your problem and let our engineers recommend the proper engine.

Insist on Buda for your new boat!

JAM HANDY PICTURE SERVICE, INC.
DETROIT NEW YORK CHICAGO
May 29, 1933
Mr. G. B. Wright
The Buda Company
Harvey, Illinois
Dear Mr. Wright:
This is to express my appreciation of the fine consideration extended to me by your Service Department, and to say how well pleased I am with the engine you sold me and its performance.
It seems to be just the right thing for my 50 foot boat with its heavy load of water pumps, batteries, refrigerators, etc., and operates with remarkable economy. I am using a fraction over six gallons an hour and getting a speed of about ten miles.
Last week I made a 16 hour non-stop run inside and outside along the coast of the Carolinas and to Norfolk without the slightest difficulty. We had hot summer air temperatures and the cooling water was probably not less than 70° and often 75° to 80°. So I feel the engine was put to a rather vigorous test.
Thank you for the courtesies you have extended to me.
Cordially yours,
(Jamison Handy)

The Buda Company

Harvey (Chicago Suburb) Illinois

Send for Catalog Gasoline or Diese

Y-8-GRAY

BUDA MARINE ENGINES

Protect Your Craft Against It.....

Use BURNOT — a paint that not only beautifies and preserves, but resists fire as well!
All colors and shades for all surfaces — both exterior and interior.
Used effectively on some of the largest American steamships and coastwise vessels for the fire protection of public rooms, cabins, steam pipe insulation, canvas coverings for life boats, etc. ***For complete details write to***

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TOPPING BROTHERS
159 Varick Street, New York City

BLISS BROTHERS
170 Commercial Street, Boston, Mass.

PINCKARD & SHAWHAN, Wiscasset, Maine

LUNDY CORPORATION
CHRYSLER BLDG. NEW YORK CITY

Tested and Proven for Unfailing Dependability

THERE can be no question of the certainty of uninterrupted lighting performance, once you install a U. S. Electric Plant, for use either afloat or ashore. Its dependability has been *proven* in years of steady, satisfactory service.

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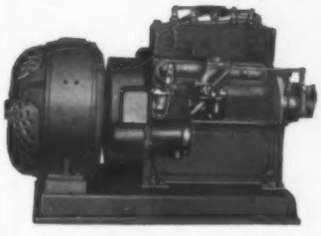

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Water Cooled Series
2 to 10 K. W. 32 and 115 Volts.

Manual control, automatic battery control, full automatic control, for alternating or direct current. 350 watts to 15 K. W. Also manufacturers of famous U. S. FALCON Marine Engines.

Two New Distributors for Atlantic Coast Yacht Owners

Philip Atwater Inc.
243 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

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Jacksonville, Fla.

Tell us what you have in mind. We'll be glad to send full details and prices

United States Motors Corp.
"PRODUCTS MUST GIVE SERVICE"
102A Nebraska St. EST. 1890 Oshkosh, Wis.

The Sailing Rules in Yacht Racing

by

George E. Hills

Chairman Race Committee, Hingham Yacht Club
Member, Committee on Junior Yacht Racing, N. A. Y. R. U.

with a foreword by

Clifford D. Mallory

President, N. A. Y. R. U.

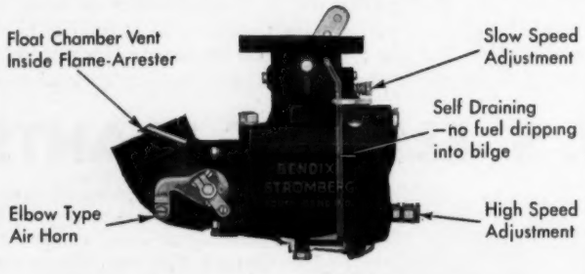
"Will fill a need that the racing yachtsman has felt for some years. . . . An interpretation of the complicated and sometimes ambiguous rules under which yachts are raced . . . based on the considered judgment of the highest tribunals. Mr. Hills has done much to clarify the sailing rules for the American yachtsman. The book not only makes the rules clear through numerous diagrams but is readable as well."
—*Yachting.*

The complete Sailing Rules (as opposed to the Racing Rules) are here reprinted, making the volume an ideal handbook for all yachtsmen

With numerous diagrams. 190 pages
$2.75

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

STROMBERG *now adds* TRIPLE SAFETY *to* MARINE CARBURETION



Kermath, Scripps, Universal, Red-Wing, Roberts, Buchanan and many other marine engines, are now equipped with Stromberg Marine Carburetors.

Let us supply a Stromberg, especially calibrated for your engine, which, **without** tedious adjustments, will **increase power** and **R. P. M.**, will reduce fuel consumption and will **increase safety** by greatly reducing fire hazard.

Write for complete information and interesting data sheet.

BENDIX PRODUCTS CORPORATION
(Stromberg Carburetor Division)
SOUTH BEND, IND.

parted company and the boat bent in the middle like a sapling.

A summary of the championship competition follows:

COLLEGE SECTION

Class A — Team: Rutgers. Individual: Randall Keator, Columbia, first; Carl Schwenker, Rutgers, second; Sam Crooks, Rutgers, third. Best speed, 33.088 m.p.h., James Nunneley, Michigan.

Class B — Team: Michigan. Individual: James Nunneley, Michigan, first; Chester Wickwire, Yale, second; Alfred Fuller, Harvard, third. Best speed, 42.155 m.p.h., Nunneley.

Class C — Team: Rutgers. Individual: Sam Crooks, Rutgers, first; Lyman Spire, Syracuse, second; G. Philip Ellsworth, Bucknell, third. Best speed, 43.827 m.p.h., Nunneley.

Class F — Team: Yale. Individual: Chester Wickwire, Yale, first; Sam Crooks, Rutgers, second; Leonard Jacobson, Rutgers, third. Best speed, 44.444 m.p.h. Nunneley.

SCHOOL SECTION

Class A — Jack Van Deman, Red Bank, N. J., High School, first; Tommy Tyson, Springfield Township, Pa., High School, second; Phil Bowers, Phillips Andover Academy, third. Best speed, 34.246 m.p.h., Bowers.

Class B — Lewis G. Carlisle, Pomfret School, first; Rowan D. Spraker, Phillips Exeter Academy, second; William Blaney, New York Military Academy, third. Best speed, 37.19 m.p.h., Carlisle.

Class C — Joel Thorne, Iona Prep., first; Bill Chilton, Ridgewood, N. J., High School, second; Lynn Watters, Lower Canada, third. Best speed, 43.457 m.p.h., George F. Hoag, Rouses Point, N. Y., High School.

Class F — Joel Thorne, Iona Prep., first; J. Barney Lee, Pleasantville, N. Y., High School, second; Lewis G. Carlisle, Pomfret School, third. Best speed, 42.694 m.p.h., Thorne.

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The President Goes Cruising

(*Continued from page 33*)

ing breeze overtook us and it was decided to push on to Gloucester. With the skipper at the wheel, and after a wonderful evening sail, we rounded up just under the lee of Gloucester breakwater, lowered our canvas, dropped anchor and turned in.

The morning of June 21st found Mr. Roosevelt returning the call of those hardy men of the "Banks," the Gloucester fishermen who had visited him in Washington scarcely two months before. That was a pleasant and memorable day for everyone. Early that morning, small boats, crowded with people, appeared from every nook in the harbor and by nine o'clock nearly every craft in Gloucester swarmed about the *Amberjack*. The climax of the visit occurred when the veteran sea captains of Gloucester came aboard and presented Mr. Roosevelt with an oil painting of the *Gertrude L. Thebaud*, the schooner in which they had made their voyage to Washington.

Just after noon, with a number of the President's friends aboard, we ran from Gloucester through the Annisquam River into Ipswich Bay. There his guests left us, we picked up the destroyers which were unable to negotiate the river and had gone around Cape Ann, and laid course for Little Harbor, N. H. At colors that evening we were anchored in that delightful spot.

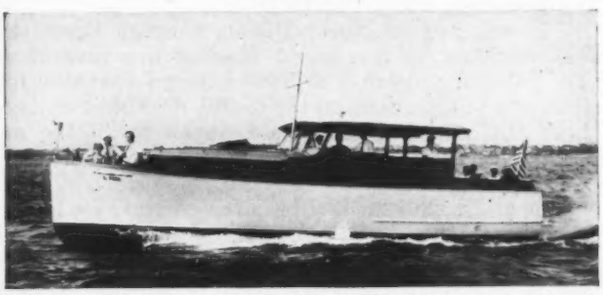
From that, our first anchorage outside of Massachusetts waters, we moved along to Chandler's Cove, on Great Chebeag Island, just to the eastward of Portland, Maine. That little spot was picked out for its apparent solitude, but, upon approaching our anchorage, what

GET YOUR

WHEELER PLAYMATE

GASOLINE NOW DIESEL

CRUISERS



Talk about UTILITY, COMFORT AND RUGGEDNESS, they are all built into the WHEELER PLAYMATE Cruisers. PRICES are now very low.

Our 38 footers are over 39 feet long and 11 feet 4 inches wide, the greatest 38 on the market today — 5 beautiful models, $4850 and up; also 27 ft. cruiser $2550, 31 ft. cruiser $3550, 34 ft. cruiser $4495. The small DIESEL CRUISER is now available. You've heard about it for a long time — now it's here. We are demonstrating a 34-footer that cruises for less than 3c a mile and a 46-footer that costs but little more to run. See these new boats — ride in them — you'll be surprised at the low prices. ALSO 42 ft., 52 ft. and 60 ft. yachts.

SEA SKIFFS

For FISHING, FUN, FROLIC — get a WHEELER SEA SKIFF.
22 ft., 26 ft., 28 ft., 30 ft., 34 ft.

Just enough comforts, plenty of ruggedness, lots of speed, and they are sure SEA WORTHY.

New catalogue, SEA SKIFF NEWS No. 2, gives all information on the SEMI-SHELTER models.

Motor Sailers:

For long cruising radius, great comforts and sea going ability some folks prefer the Motor sailer. We have had William H. Hand, Jr., of New Bedford, Mass., design us three new boats—a 40 ft., 48 ft. and 56 ft. These boats are available in Diesel or gasoline power. Literature now available.

WHEELER SHIPYARD, INC.

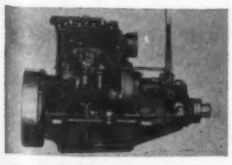
FOOT OF CROPSEY AVENUE
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

We bought her in 1917 and she still runs like a top

Hell-and-high-water or Father Time hold no terrors for a Universal. Just feed her oil and treat her with a little respect, and she'll deliver unfailing power until you're ready to swallow the anchor.

For instance here's what some typical owners say: "I've used this little Universal about eleven years, *summer and winter*, at a very small cost for repairs, and for the first eight years it did not cost me one penny except for gas and oil."

When you buy a marine engine, think of the years ahead. You don't want to change motors the way you change cars or hats. Get a Universal, and you'll be relieved of maintenance expenses for years to come. Universals are rugged, yet they're light, compact, easy to start, brilliant performers. Send for complete specifications.



● **BLUE JACKET TWIN**—5-10 h.p. 4-cycle, 49½ cu. in. displacement. Only 28 in. long. 400-2000 r.p.m. Dynamically and statically balanced crankshaft and flywheel. Full pressure lubrication. Weight: 320 lbs. Heavy Duty Paragon Reverse Gear. Hand Sump Pump. Available with standard crank, Rear Hand Starter or Electric Starter. *Send for complete data.*

UNIVERSAL MOTOR COMPANY
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UNIVERSAL

100% marine motor

FROM 2-8 CYLINDERS ★ FROM 5-115 H.P.

Owner—Eugene E. du Pont **Designed by John G. Alden**

HIGH TIDE

Winner of Gibson Island Trophy, J. Rulon Miller Trophy and First Prize in Class A

The first ten boats all had Ratsey sails

Ratsey & Lapthorn, Inc.

Sailmakers **Established 1790**

Telephone: CIty Island 8-1012 **City Island, New York City**

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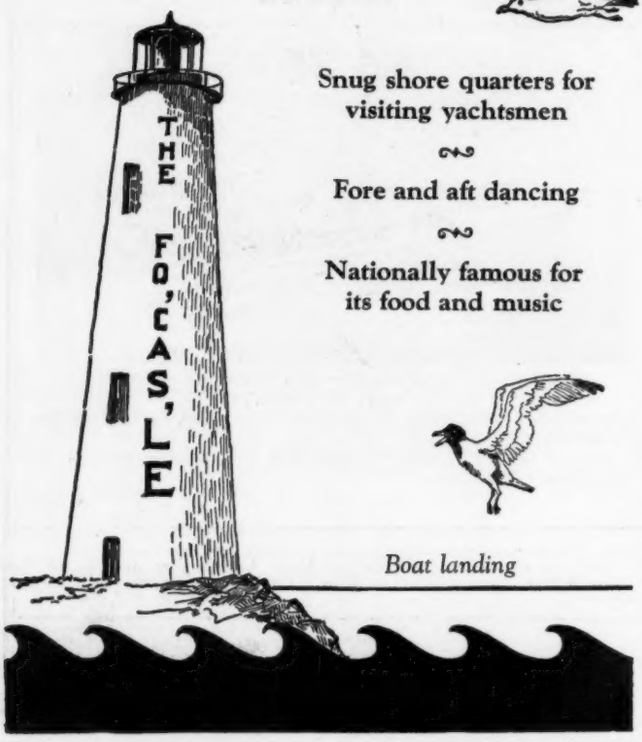
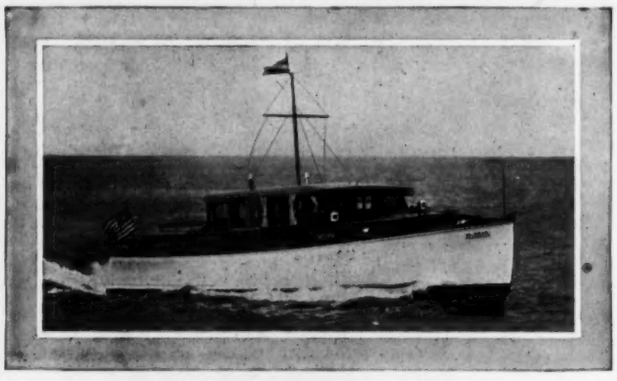


Snug shore quarters for visiting yachtsmen

Fore and aft dancing

Nationally famous for its food and music

Boat landing



THE "*Price Raises*" ARE COMING!!

WE ARE *still* not prophesying, but we are certainly a lot nearer the time when prices must be raised on Matthews Stock Cruisers.

The present series of Matthews "38"s and "46"s will be known for many years for the unheard-of dollar value they represent. If you haven't investigated present prices on them, then you wouldn't believe they could be so low — but not for much longer.

The "Buyers' Panic" has hit us forcefully and at this writing our plants are going night and day. It's time for you to act, too, if you "want in" on this lifetime opportunity.

There are eighteen stock models — thirty stock arrangements — accommodations for from two to ten people in individual berths or beds — complete toilet rooms — complete, spacious galleys — speeds 10 to 30 miles per hour — priced $3,880 to $23,000 afloat Port Clinton, Ohio.

The "38" Double Cabin Enclosed Bridge Cruiser pictured above has complete individual accommodations for seven for extended trips. The price is almost unbelievable.

We'll gladly send illustrated literature

"Wherever you cruise . . . you'll find a Matthews"

***The* MATTHEWS COMPANY**
314 BAY SIDE PORT CLINTON, OHIO

should greet us but one of Portland's fire boats which laid down an exquisite barrage of sea water.

Early the next morning, the number of our crew was increased by three when Franklin, Jr., John Roosevelt, and one of their schoolmates, Drexel Paul, joined the ship. Probably the hardest and most exciting day's sail followed. It was blowing a fresh breeze out of the northwest and, with full sail, plus the fisherman staysail, we logged nearly eight knots all the way to Pulpit Harbor, a tiny landlocked indentation on the northwestern side of North Haven.

The trip around North Haven, through Deer Island Thoroughfare to Southwest Harbor was magnificent. The Skipper appeared to have enjoyed that day more than any of the others on the cruise, for East Penobscot, Blue Hill and Frenchman's bays all lie in the most beautiful part of the Maine coast. It was well after dark before we came to anchor at Southwest Harbor.

The cruise thus far had been too perfect. We felt that something must be in store for us and our suspicions were confirmed within the next few hours. A heavy, damp, penetrating blanket of fog dropped over us and for the next few days held the *Amberjack* in Roque Island which we had barely made before it shut in thick. The skipper, always a true sailor, not only enjoyed the fog and the absolute rest which it afforded him, but went so far as to say that it had been made to order. He despatched the *Bernadou* to take "Jimmy" to Boston for a meeting which he had to attend and bring Ambassador Norman Davis to Roque Island. When James Roosevelt returned with Mr. Davis the fog was so thick that the *Bernadou* was unable, because of outlying islands, to get within four or five miles of our anchorage. One of the small boats from the *Ellis* was sent off to bring these two to the anchorage, and for a few hours that morning the United States had an Ambassador at Large in more ways than one.

Pleasant times always come to an end too quickly. The date set for the termination of the cruise was Thursday, June 29th, and fog or no fog, the skipper had to be at Campobello. By eight bells that morning we were underway. Our small detachment of the navy was most apprehensive as to the advisability of the President setting out in such miserably thick weather. However, under his skilful handling and clever piloting we got away from the anchorage and worked through the maze of little channels formed by the surrounding islands, along the coast, and out of the fog into Lubec Narrows.

Just twelve years had slipped away since Mr. Roosevelt's last visit to Campobello. The setting for the return to his boyhood home was perfect. The tide and wind were fair and the sun was shining brightly overhead as we sailed up the Narrows, past the quaint little town of Lubec. Upon rounding Quoddy Light a most impressive spectacle came into view. There, just ahead, in the middle of the bay which was filled with boats of every size and type, were the new 10,000-ton cruiser *Indianapolis* and our two destroyers. As we sailed quietly along thousands of people rushed to the waterfront, whistles blew, and on the deck of the *Indianapolis*, the "Star Spangled Banner" was struck up, while the entire crew manned the rail. Then there was the roar of the twenty-one gun salute. When going by the docks and piers at Eastport, a whole fishing fleet of some fifty boats, dressed for the occasion, paraded past. Seldom, if ever, has any man looked so happy, proud and pleased, as did the President, sitting at the wheel, greeting his friends.

Promptly at four o'clock, as he had promised, our skipper took the *Amberjack* alongside the dock at Welch Pool, on Campobello Island and disembarked.

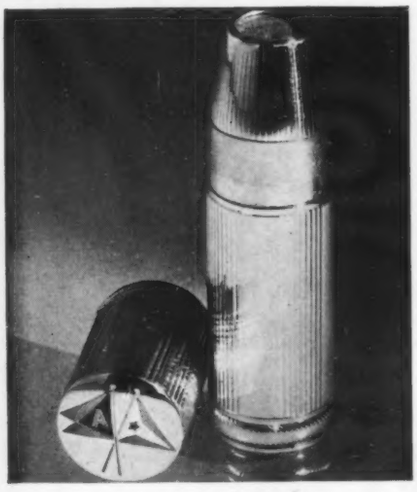
One of the most interesting and pleasing cruises of all time had ended, and we, the crew, were mighty sad at seeing the skipper go over the side.

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

A New Leica Camera

The Leica, that compact miniature camera which has become so popular with yachtsmen because of its handiness on board a boat and because of the marvelous results that can be obtained with it, has come out with another improvement on the new model F. Formerly speeds below 1/20th of a second could be obtained only by pressing and releasing the time exposure setting and guessing at the time interval, but the newest Leica gives automatic shutter speeds from 1/20th of a second down to one second.

For yachtsmen who wish to try interior shots — and they are easily made with the Leica — these additional shutter speeds will be a boon. Further information about the new Leica and the numerous other Leica accessories may be obtained by writing to E. Leitz, 60 East 10th St., New York.



The Lektrolite flameless cigarette lighter, ideal for yachtsmen

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New Safety Carburetor

The new Triple Safety marine carburetor, Model SFM, recently announced by the Stromberg Carburetor Division of the Bendix Products Corporation has met with quick favor among boat owners who appreciate the unusual degree of safety which it offers. It reduces fire hazard to a minimum and insures dependable and economical operation under all sorts of conditions.

The new Stromberg Carburetor is of the plain tube type and embodies such proven features as the double venturi, automatic accelerating pump and economizer, a separate idling system, and, in addition, a new safety feature which eliminates the most serious of all fire hazards, that of gasoline escaping into the bilge.

The safety feature is an automatic drain system. Gasoline, which accumulates in the bottom of the carburetor during starting and while the engine is cold, is carried away by suction and discharged above the throttle through a separate jet. In addition to disposing of the condensed fuel, which is the prime object, this arrangement also provides a slightly rich mixture for starting.

Barbasol

HENRY HAS THE LITTLE WOMAN GUESSING

NOW, HENRY, DON'T START GROWLING LIKE A LION WITHOUT A CAGE. YOU'VE GOT TO SHAVE BEFORE THE JONESES COME OVER AND THAT'S THAT!
O.K. LITTLE GIRL. I'LL DO 'ER.
I'D BETTER SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO. THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS. HE NEVER WANTED TO SHAVE AT NIGHT BEFORE.
H'MM. HE HASN'T EVEN GOT A LATHER YET. BETTER LET HIM ALONE THOUGH--- SEEMS HAPPY.
YOU LOOK SWELL! WHAT'S THE SECRET?
BARBASOL! BARBASOL! NO BRUSH, NO LATHER, NO RUB-IN. DUM DE DUM DE DUM DUM DUM

SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER! And do it with Barbasol, the coolest, smoothest shaving cream on the market. Because it's a cream, not a soap, Barbasol holds the whiskers firmly upright, gives the razor proper resistance so it glides along without a pull or a scrape. Leaves the natural oil in so the skin stays soft and pliable. Protects the face from sun- and windburn. Try it today. And use it *right:* **1.** Wash your face and leave it wet. **2.** Smooth on Barbasol (no need to rub it in). **3.** Wet your razor and SHAVE. That's all there is to it for the cleanest, coolest, quickest shave you've ever had. Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, or large jar, 75¢.

Barbasol recommends TEFRA TOOTHPASTE

In every 30¢ tube there is a free Tefra toothbrush refill, to fit a lifetime Tefra refillable toothbrush handle. For full information, tune in Barbasol radio program listed.

THE BARBASOL COMPANY
Indianapolis, Indiana

Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man, in songs you can't forget. Every Monday evening, at 8:00, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over an extensive Columbia (WABC) Broadcasting hook-up.

Be sure to tune in.

Consult radio page of your local newspaper for stations